

# MONTANA

*the magazine of western history*



THE INDIANS' APPEAL. 1932. An allegorical painting by Robert Lindneux.

## SPRING, 1960

- MONTANA MINUTEMEN
- OLD WEST COLOR
- CANADIAN CAPERS
- MEEKER MASSACRE
- BIG HOLE BASIN

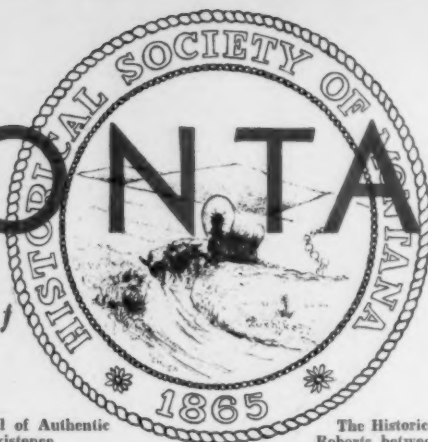
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# MONTANA

*the magazine of*

*western history*



Most Widely Read Journal of Authentic  
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*"I am at home here, and  
I want not only to know  
about my homeland, I want  
to live intelligently on it.  
I want certain data that  
will enable me to accom-  
modate myself to it. Knowl-  
edge helps sympathy to  
achieve harmony."*

**—J. Frank Dobie**

*MONTANA, the magazine of western history*, a quarterly publication with editorial offices in the Veterans' and Pioneers' Memorial Bldg., Roberts and Sixth Ave., Helena, is the only magazine of widespread general interest sanctioned by the State of Montana. Subscriptions, which include membership in the Society, are \$4 per year; \$7 for two years; \$10 for three years. Single copies may be purchased at leading U. S. newsstands and bookstores. Some back issues are usually available at Helena. We check facts for accuracy but cannot assume responsibility for statements, ideas and interpretations which are wholly the authors'. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless postage and self-addressed envelope are provided. Entered as second class matter at the post office, Helena, Montana. Publication dates are January, April, July, and October. Please notify any change of address at least 45 days in advance of the next issue.

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the magazine of western history

Volume Ten

Number Two

April, 1960

*"No man is fit to be entrusted with the control of the Present who is ignorant of the Past, and no People who are indifferent to their Past need hope to make their Future great."*

## IN THIS ISSUE

MINUTEMEN OF MONTANA <i>by John Barsness and William Dickinson</i>	Page 2	The Territory's citizen soldiers fought bravely with indefinite status and scant recognition.
THEY TRAVELLED WITH THE GOVERNOR <i>by J. W. Chalmers</i>	11	The later journeys of the indomitable Sir George Simpson, ruler of Canada's "Honourable Company."
THE LAST OF CAPTAIN JACK <i>by Peggy H. Benjamin</i>	22	The violent end of the Ute subchief who touched off the Meeker Massacre, told in a new light.
DISHNO OF THE BIG HOLE VALLEY <i>by Grace Roffey Pratt</i>	32	One of Montana's oldest pioneers recalls the years he prospered in the grass-rich valley.
AN INCIDENT AT FORT KEOGH <i>by Edgar I. Stewart</i>	42	A mass of paperwork over a quantity of soap in 1880.
MONTANA'S FIRST BOUNTY COLLECTOR <i>by Katherine Crumb</i>	44	Roy Crumb brought down a huge grizzly with one perfect shot.
MORE RUMBLINGS FROM THE LITTLE BIG HORN	46	More letters and an ambitious battle sketch of the Custer Battle.

READER'S REMUDA, *edited by Robert G. Athearn*.....Page 48

"LEWIS HENRY MORGAN, THE INDIAN JOURNALS, 1859-62," edited, with introduction by Leslie A. White, reviewed by Robert H. Lister; "SIX MONTHS IN THE GOLD MINES: FROM A JOURNAL OF THREE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN UPPER AND LOWER CALIFORNIA, 1847-49," by E. Gould Buffum, edited with introduction by John W. Caughey, reviewed by Rodman Wilson Paul; "ARMY EXPLORATION IN THE AMERICAN WEST, 1803-1863," by William H. Goetzmann, reviewed by W. Turrentine Jackson; "THE CIVIL WAR IN THE WESTERN TERRITORIES: ARIZONA, COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, AND UTAH," by Ray C. Colton, reviewed by Dudley T. Cornish; "INDIANS OF THE HIGH PLAINS: FROM THE PREHISTORIC PERIOD TO THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN," by George E. Hyde, reviewed by W. Eugene Hollon; "SANTA FE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHWESTERN TOWN," by Oliver La Farge, reviewed by Carl Ubbelohde; "THE SAGA OF BEN HOLLADAY: GIANT OF THE OLD WEST," by Ellis Lucia, reviewed by Robert W. Johannsen; "THE RAMPAGING HERD," by Ramon F. Adams, reviewed by Maurice Frink; "WILD BILL HICKOK," by Richard O'Connor, reviewed by Wynn C. Kinsley; "CUSTER: THE LIFE OF GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER," by Jay Monaghan, reviewed by David H. Stratton; "THE GREAT BUFFALO HUNT," by Wayne Gard, reviewed by Clark C. Spence; "THE OVERLAND DIARY OF JAMES A. PRITCHARD FROM KENTUCKY TO CALIFORNIA IN 1849," edited by Dale L. Morgan, and "PRAIRIE SCHOONER LADY: THE JOURNAL OF HARRIET SHERRILL WARD, 1853," edited by Ward G. DeWitt and Florence S. DeWitt, both reviewed by Merrill J. Mattes; "COMSTOCK MINING AND MINERS," by Eliot Lord, with introduction by David Myrick, reviewed by Russell R. Elliott.

NOTABLE BOOKS ON THE REVIEW EDITOR'S DESK	58	Dr. Athearn gives the nod to a new group of illustrated classics.
RECENT BOOK ACQUISITIONS	61	A new service to our readers.
BITS FROM THE EDITOR'S MAIL POUCH	62	Some challenges, questions and praises.

**ABOUT THE COVER.** This epic allegorical study, "The Indians' Appeal," was painted in 1932 by Robert Lindneux of Denver, one of the few living artists who worked with C. M. Russell. We believe that this is one of the most significant Western paintings in existence, and a prime museum art object. It tells more of the story of the Red Man in the West than any single painting. We have tried valiantly to secure this brilliant work for our museum, but we simply do not have the money to buy it outright and our several months' option will expire soon. We'll gladly furnish detailed information to anyone interested in helping us acquire this museum masterpiece.



THE MURDER OF JOHN BOZEMAN as conceived by Western Artist E. S. Paxson.

## Minutemen Of Montana

Citizen Soldiers of the Territory Fought Bravely,  
But With Indefinite Status and Belated Recognition

by John Barsness and William Dickinson

*"Mi-li-tia, n. A body of citizens enrolled as a regular military force, for periodical instruction, discipline, and drill, but not called into active service except in emergencies. In the United States, it includes all able-bodied male citizens between eighteen and forty-five and is divided into two classes, the organized militia of the individual states, and the reserve militia, the organized militia being now called the National Guard."*

—Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, 2nd ed.

SINCE 1792 the citizen-soldier has been a proud member of the armed forces of the United States. As Zouave, as Volunteer, as National Guardsman, he has carved a place for himself alongside the Regulars in every war the nation has ever fought. Every militia fighting outfit is proud of the long roll of battle stars it can wear.

The official history of the Montana Militia—since 1903 the National Guard—begins with the Spanish-American War, where Montana cavalry just missed action in Cuba and Montana infantry served bloodily and gallantly in

the later Filipino Insurrection. Montana men also gave outstanding accounts of themselves in World Wars I and II.

But state militia—at least organized bodies of its citizen-soldiers—also fought well for Montana on her own frontiers, within her own boundaries, in the wild unsettled territorial days. Officially there seems to be some question of this militia's status—even though their actions and their methods come within the boundaries of the definition. At least no official combat history of the Montana National Guard includes as equal members of Montana's military family the frontier volunteers who fought ably against at least one clearly combative Indian uprising.

Why? The answer seems to lie hidden in the legal question of official procedure. Article 1, Section 8 of the Constitution of the United States expressly states that Congress shall have the

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The writing-research team of John Barsness and William J. Dickinson has produced an ever-growing list of historical articles which have appeared in the "Great Falls Tribune," "True" and "Cavalier" as well as this account of Montana's militia.

The writing member of the team, Jack Barsness, was recently appointed guest lecturer and director of Montana State University's 11th Writer's Conference, set for May 25-28. A native of Lewistown, Barsness received his B. A. degree from William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo. and his M.A. from M.S.U. in 1951. For the last seven years he has been on the faculty of Montana State College at Bozeman.

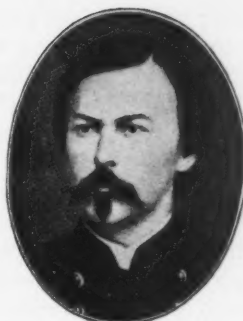
Researcher Dickinson, a member of the English faculty at the State College, is now on leave of absence in Puerto Rico. A Purple Heart veteran of the Korean War, he holds a B.A. degree from Montana State University and a Masters Degree from M.S.C. His particular interest is military history.

power to call forth "the Militia to execute the Laws of the United States, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions." To implement this clause, federal and state responsibilities are defined: Congress is to organize, arm, and discipline the militia; the various states are given the right to appoint officers and train the troops. The Uniform State Militia Act of 1792 further clarified and standardized militia practice through all the States and territories. It was under this act the Territory of Montana first established a militia, under the rights given her to "appoint officers and train troops."

There is no question of the official status of Montana's first soldiery, though it came into being as a result of what must be called at least sub-official activities. In 1867 Montana's territorial governor, Green Clay Smith, was for a time out of the territory on official business. Seizing the opportunity, the lieutenant-governor, Thomas Francis Meagher, legendary Irish adventurer and soldier of fortune, decided in his *pro tem* role as governor that there was an Indian uprising of Blackfeet and Sioux.<sup>1</sup> The immediate excuse given was that John M. Bozeman, the famous trail-blazer, had been set upon and killed by Blackfeet near Livingston, Montana, on April 18, 1867.<sup>2</sup>

In spite of the fact that there was—and still is to this day—some doubt as to the circumstances surrounding Bozeman's death, Meagher went into action.

GREEN CLAY SMITH, the Kentuckian and Union officer who was appointed Governor of Montana on July 13, 1866 by President Andrew Johnson, faced chaotic conditions in the Territory when he took office. An unlawful assembly of the Legislature had passed laws which could not be enforced because the court had pronounced them invalid, the Territory was deeply in debt, and the fear of Indian depredations was ever present. Smith resigned the governorship April 8, 1869 and entered the Baptist ministry in Columbus, Ohio. A presidential candidate of the Prohibition Party in 1876, he died at 63 in 1895.



While local folk were still arguing excitedly as to whether Bozeman's killers had been Blackfeet or Crows or not Indians at all, Meagher proclaimed an emergency.<sup>3</sup> Historians have been disputing ever since about his motivations. Meagher was pretty obviously trying to build an empire for himself, perhaps to seize the governorship permanently, perhaps—as one romantic rumor has it—to wrest Montana from the U. S. as a permanent Irish state with himself as

<sup>1</sup> Continually rebuffed by General Sherman when he pleaded for authority to raise a force of Volunteers, Acting Governor Meagher found the opening he was looking for when Sherman in May, 1867, authorized the mustering of 800 men for two months, to be paid by the federal government. "Let the men furnish their own horses and arms at 40 cents per day, and be rationed by contract," the General's orders read. Although the 40 cents a day was wholly unrealistic, it gave Meagher the touch of federal authority he needed. (See *Thomas Francis Meagher: An Irish Revolutionary in America*, Robert G. Athearn.)

<sup>2</sup> Thomas W. Cover, claiming to be an eyewitness to Bozeman's death, wrote a stirring letter to Meagher telling of the incident. As quoted in Leeson's *History of Montana*, his letter said, in part: "On the 16th inst. [April, 1867] accompanied by the late J. M. Bozeman, I left here [Gallatin Mills, Bozeman] for Forts C. F. Smith and Phil. Kearney. After a day or so of arduous travel we reached the Yellowstone and journeyed on in safety until the 20th inst., when, in our noon camp, about seven miles this side of the Bozeman ferry, we perceived five Indians approaching us, on foot, and leading a pony. When within, say two hundred and fifty yards, I suggested to Bozeman that we should open fire, to which he made no reply. We stood with our rifles ready until the enemy approached within one hundred yards, at which time Bozeman remarked: 'Those are Crows; I know one of them. We will let them come to us, and learn where the Sioux and Blackfeet camps are, provided they know.' I then went to our horses (leaving my gun with Bozeman), and had saddled mine, when I saw the chief quickly draw the cover from his fusée, and as I called to Bozeman to shoot, the Indian fired, the ball taking effect in Bozeman's right breast, passing completely through him. Bozeman charged on the Indian, but did not fire, when another shot taking effect in the left breast, brought poor Bozeman to the ground a dead man . . ."

<sup>3</sup> In a letter to Secretary of War Stanton, April 28, 1867, Meagher said: "Citizens murdered. Troops within Territory no use whatever. Forts Phil Kearney & Smith inaccessible, Commanding Officer Camp Cook mouth of Judith declines to move. People of Montana thrown upon themselves ask therefore authority from War Dept. to organize even eight hundred (800) men for military duty in field until relieved by Regulars. This authority most earnestly asked. Not an hour to be lost."

ruler.<sup>4</sup> And his appointment of Captain C. D. J. Curtis as a brigadier general to command the "First Military District of Montana" pretty well indicates that all was not on the up-and-up.

A brigade, even in those days, consisted of at least two regiments (a minimum, therefore, of about 1,500 troops); Curtis's command during the entire emergency *never approached even regimental strength*. When the troops were mustered in May in the Gallatin Valley, 475 volunteers answered the roll-call—300 men from Edgerton (now Lewis & Clark) County, 100 from Deer Lodge County, and a unit of 50 cavalymen and 25 scouts from Madison County.

Everybody began looking for uprising Indians, but there weren't any to be found. Whatever the Irishman's plan was, it foundered when Meagher either fell or was pushed to his death from a steamboat on the Missouri River on July 1, 1867. However, Governor Smith took things seriously enough on his return to ask the volunteers to reenlist for another short term just in case the Indians might still decide to prove their wildness. So, like the king's men in the nursery rhyme, the brand-new, brass-heavy Montana Militia marched bravely up—and then marched bravely down again. On October 2, 1867, the citizen-soldiers were mustered out of service at Helena, and that was that. Nobody has ever tried to add the men of 1867 to the combat muster rolls.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Francis Meagher, whose equestrian statue stands before Montana's capitol building, was a strange and complex man who spent less than 15 years in America and only two years in Montana and yet left an imprint still felt. In the preface to his *Thomas Francis Meagher: An Irish Revolutionary in America*, Dr. Robert G. Athearn gives this appraisal: "A casual examination of the highlights of [Meagher's] career will reveal a dramatic story of adventure, danger, romance, and military glory. It will show Meagher as an impassioned advocate of revolution and the leader of an abortive uprising in Ireland in 1848. His ultranationalism took him to the shadow of the gibbet, and Irish luck saved him for a temporary exile in Van Diemen's Land. Like other Celtic political figures he finally made his way to the United States, where he plunged immediately into the Young America movement of an expansionistic, truculent Republic. The American Civil War found him in sympathy with the South but unwilling to fight for the Confederate cause . . . At the end of the conflict . . . Meagher was appointed acting governor of the remote Montana territory. It was out on this raw frontier that he met his death, a victim of the swirling, angry Missouri River, which swept him to oblivion . . . Even mid-America, with its gold rushes, its war, and its rapidly expanding economy, seemed unable to furnish sufficient opportunity for this restless exile who battled so valiantly for ascendancy and fame."

Still, whatever the motivation for raising them, and whatever the results, Montana had had an official militia for a time. And in the next act, Montana volunteers did fight a pretty bloody battle. But a poem might be written on the argument that when Montana men were official soldiers, they didn't fight, and when they did fight, they weren't official soldiers.

The incident didn't occur for another ten years. Then, in 1877, the Nez Perce Indians under their famous Chief Joseph decided to break away from a new and dreary reservation and take their chances on better treatment from the British in Canada. To do so, they had to cross Montana, hotly pursued by the Regular Army troops of General O. O. Howard.

On July 20, 1877, Joseph and the Nez Perce thrust into the Bitterroot Valley in western Montana, and finally there was a real Indian threat to raise the militia to arms.

The towns of western Montana gathered their troops—every locality in the Bitterroot that had a name called up its men to defend their homes. Almost immediately, Captain C. C. Rawn (Regular Army) and fifty men from the 7th

<sup>5</sup> When the time came to settle up the costs of mustering and equipping the 1867 Volunteers, much pain and embarrassment resulted. An investigation revealed that horses and arms were bought for prices inflated 30 to 60 per cent. In many cases supplies purchased were never delivered, and the horses did not exist. To top it all off, Governor Smith in his second message to the Territorial Legislature, Nov. 4, 1867, said: "I am pained to announce that a large number who had been mustered into the service, upon receiving the order to muster out, disobeyed the order, possessed themselves of the quartermaster and commissary stores, some 250 horses and mules, and deserted." General Sherman was amazed to receive nearly a million dollars in warrants to be paid by the federal government. After the investigation and much delay, the U. S. finally settled for \$515,343.—(See also *Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana*, Vol. V; Thomas Francis Meagher *An Irish Revolutionary in America*, Robert G. Athearn; *The Montana Frontier*, M. G. Burlingame.)

<sup>6</sup> Captain Rawn's arrival in Missoula was recounted in the *Weekly Missoulian*, June 22, 1877: "The advance guard of the boys in blue reached here on Tuesday afternoon in the persons of Captain C. C. Rawn, who will have command of the post [Fort Missoula] to be constructed on the Bitter Root river some four miles from town, and Lieutenant A. B. Johnson. Captain Rawn is accompanied by his family, who will remain in town until quarters are erected for them on the reservation . . . The people of Missoula County have just cause for congratulations, and most gladly and cordially welcome the officers and men who have at last been detailed by the government to act as conservators of the peace between the savages and white settlers. However much people living in other localities of the Territory may question or doubt the necessity of a military post within the limits of this county, certain it is that even now a most noticeable change is witnessed on the face of the oldest inhabitant. After long years of anxiety and solicitude for his own personal safety, he feels that the government has at last recognized his right to protection against a set of outlaws, and our women and children, God bless them, are no longer without some protection in case an outbreak should be precipitated between the settlers and the Indians."



BENJAMIN F. POTTS, native of Ohio, was appointed Montana Governor by President Grant on July 13, 1870, and served for 13 years, longer than any other Montana chief executive. Like so many Territorial governor appointees, he was a Civil War officer, achieving the rank of brigadier general.

Infantry at Fort Missoula<sup>6</sup> plus as many of the hurriedly gathered volunteers as they could scrape up, built a fort in Lolo Canyon, the only pass into the Bitterroot from the west. Here they fondly hoped to stop Joseph cold.

And here they were soon visited by Governor Benjamin F. Potts, who admired them greatly and was told bluntly by Captain Rawn that he needed more men in a big hurry. Potts, who so far had taken no official action, hurried back to Helena and issued a proclamation on July 26, 1877—the first legal call to arms—asking for a general raising of the militia. The Missoula newspaper headlined the story: "HELP! HELP! COME RUNNING!"

Response was so immediate as to completely confuse the issue. Not only were there troops marching up and down the Bitterroot which had formed long before the governor had asked them to, but also nobody bothered to wait for any official document of permission to raise new troops as the first rumors swept across western Montana.

In the Butte area, W. A. Clark (later a Montana Copper King) answered the unofficial news of a militia call with such personal vigor that Company A of Butte was raised in less than an hour; Company B appeared two hours later; and Company C formed ranks before midnight.<sup>7</sup> As a matter of fact, all three companies were on the road to the Bitterroot double time before dawn of the next day . . . and long before an official messenger with a copy of the proclamation and letters of commission came in sight of Butte.

At the same time, companies from Virginia City, Deer Lodge, and Helena itself were forming up and moving out. One of them—the Helena artillery—was

## GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

HEADQUARTERS MONTANA VOL. FORCES,  
VIRGINIA CITY, July 14, 1867.

### GENERAL ORDERS NO. 1.

I. In order to the more perfect organization and consolidation of the volunteer forces in the Territory of Montana, now in service, and being raised for the defense of the citizens of said Territory, the Companies raised and now in the field, and those being recruited in Virginia City and at Helena shall constitute the First Regiment of Montana Volunteers.

II. It is directed that Thomas Thoroughman take command of said forces in the field, with the rank of Colonel; George W. Hynson with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel; Neil Howie with the rank of First Major, and J. H. Kinsley with the rank of Second Major.

III. The Companies of said Regiment shall take rank as follows: Company A, Captain L. M. Lyda; Company B, Captain Robert Hughes; Company C, Captain Chas. J. D. Curtis; Company D, Captain J. H. Evans; Company E, Captain Cornelius Campbell; Company F, Captain John A. Nelson; Company G, Captain A. F. Weston; Company I, Captain Robert Hereford; Company K, Captain William Deasy.

IV. Colonel Thoroughman will continue his headquarters in the Gallatin Valley, and protect the frontier from Indian invasions. He will send out from time to time such forces as may be deemed necessary to chastise marauding and guerrilla bands of Indians. In order to expedite the movement, I have directed Major Howie, now at Helena, to take command of Captain Hereford's company and one section of artillery, and move down the Musselshell River one hundred miles, or thereabouts, and establish camp for the protection of the settlers and miners from hostile Indians in that direction. Major Howie will report regularly once a week to Colonel Thoroughman and to these headquarters.

V. Regular weekly reports must be made from the headquarters in the field to these headquarters of the number of men on duty; number sick; number absent with leave; number absent without leave; number of desertions and names; number of horses on hand; number of rations to the company, and amount of provender on hand; number of guns and kind and amount of ammunition.

VI. Orders have been given to Captain Geo. M. Pinney, A. D. C., at Helena, to forward, upon arrival, one section of artillery to Col. Thoroughman's headquarters.

VII. The following named officers constitute the staff of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief:

Martin Beem, Adjutant and Inspector General, with the rank of Colonel; Hamilton Cummings, Quartermaster General, with the rank of Colonel; J. J. Hull, Commissary General, with the rank of Colonel; Walter W. De Lacy, Chief Engineer, with the rank of Major; George M. Pinney, Aid-de-Camp, with the rank of Captain; James K. Duke, Aid-de-Camp, with the rank of Captain. They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

VIII. The Quartermaster and Commissary Generals are alone empowered to make purchases and enter into contracts for Q. M. and C. S. stores for forces in the service; and those being organized. All vouchers must be issued by the chiefs of the Departments. They may, however, in their discretion, authorize the purchase of such articles as may be necessary for the service, by assistants appointed by them, who shall be commissioned Captains and A. Q. M. and A. C. S. Such assistants will issue receipts to parties from whom purchases are made, and forward copies, together with duplicate bills, to these headquarters, on which vouchers will be issued. Said assistants, however, before entering on the discharge of their duties, will be required to enter into bonds with the United States, in the sum of two thousand dollars, for the faithful performance of their duties. Said bond to be approved by the Commander-in-Chief. Assistants heretofore acting, will, without delay, make returns to these headquarters of the purchases and distributions made by them, together with receipt and bills.

IX. The Regulations of the Army, under which the Volunteers of the Territory are being organized, designates the number and rank of officers belonging to a Regiment; therefore, all commissions issued by the late Governor Meagher, other than those mentioned in this order, with their rank, will be held as complimentary, and no one will be called into service unless the emergency shall arise.

X. It is desirable that peace be restored as soon as possible to the Territory. It is hoped, therefore, that the troops in the field will perform their duty with alacrity, and teach the hostile Indians that if they prefer war, we know how to carry it on—their policy shall be ours.

By command of

GREEN CLAY SMITH,

Commander in Chief.

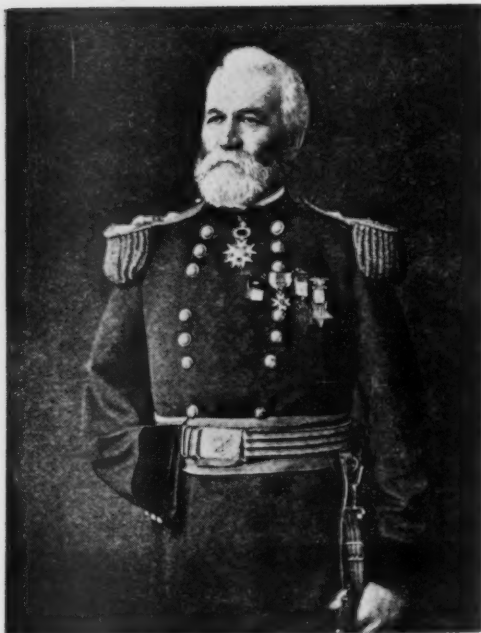
(OFFICIAL)

Adj't General.

Governor Green Clay Smith felt the Indian emergency proclaimed by Acting Governor Meagher serious enough to warrant issuing these General Orders consolidating the state's volunteer forces. The order came 13 days after the mysterious death of Meagher near Fort Benton on July 1, 1867. This historic reproduction is from the archives of the Historical Society of Montana.

<sup>7</sup> W. A. Clark's actions at this time, reminiscent of Paul Revere, are recounted in Leeson's *History of Montana*: "According to the *Independent*, Governor Potts' proclamation reached Deer Lodge on Saturday (July 28, 1877), and with it the news of the peril in Missoula county, when W. A. Clark, the banker of Deer Lodge, immediately jumped into the saddle and headed his horse for Butte, forty-two miles distant, to carry the news and raise a company of volunteers for the defense of the Lo Lo trail. He left Deer Lodge at 11 A. M. and reached Butte before 2 P. M., where he at once proceeded to organize, and succeeded so far as to leave Butte that night with his company for Deer Lodge. The settlers along the river, aroused by the steady hoofbeats along the hard roads, opened their windows and gazed with awe and alarm at the midnight cavalcade galloping swiftly down the valley."





captained by former brigadier general C. D. J. Curtis. (Notice the change in rank.) All of them raced to see who would be first to the rescue. Captain Stuart's Deer Lodge Company marched the 90 miles from Deer Lodge to Missoula in twenty-five and one-half hours. And matters got so confused the whole question of official militia participation in the Nez Perce campaign is still being argued.



GENERAL OLIVER OTIS HOWARD, commander of the Department of the Columbia, and Joseph's most relentless pursuer, is shown here upon his retirement November 4, 1894. Born in Maine, he graduated from West Point in 1854 and participated in the first battle of Bull Run. At Fair Oaks he lost his right arm and in his later activities in the West he became known by the Indians as the "one-armed soldier-chief." Deeply religious and fair-minded, he was respected by his men and his enemies. He became superintendent of West Point in 1880 and in 1886 was placed in command of the Division of the East until his retirement.

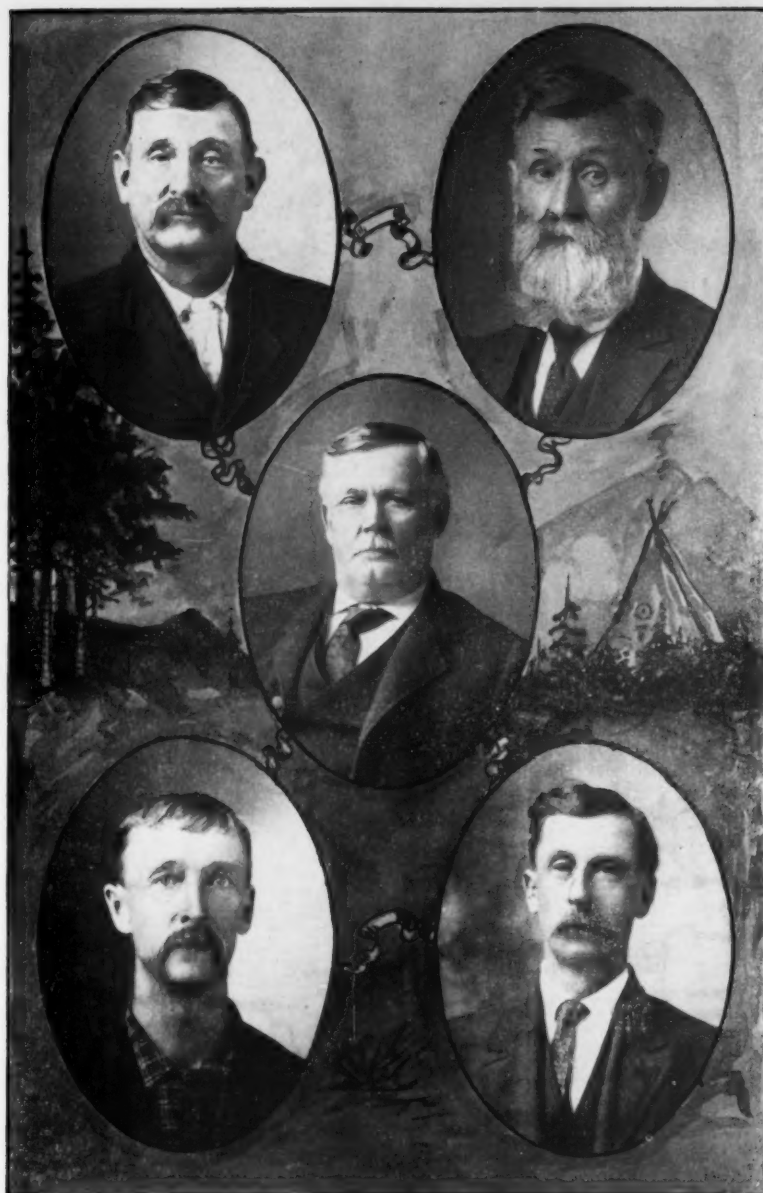
But in spite of their hurry, nobody from Butte or Deer Lodge or Helena got in on the fight. Joseph discovered the entrenchments in Lolo Canyon and marched his tribe around them across the rugged ridges of the mountains themselves. Captain Rawn, his regulars, and all the volunteers who had marched so bravely to his side were left to study unhappily their unused fortifications—and the post in Lolo Pass has been known to this day as Fort Fizzle.<sup>8</sup>

But the U. S. Army was closing the gaps, and Joseph got only to the Big Hole valley in the southwest before the regular army caught up, along with another group of Militia, Captain Catlin's Bitterroot Volunteers. Now, this Bitterroot company had also formed, armed itself, and marched out long before Governor Potts had issued his proclamation. But they were accepted as comrades-in-arms by Colonel John Gibbon and his Regulars from Ft. Shaw, and on August 9, 1877, they fired the first shot of the Battle of the Big Hole. Gibbon had chosen to attack at dawn, surprising the Nez Perce who were camped and resting on Trail Creek confident they had outdistanced General Howard and outmaneuvered the forces at Ft. Fizzle. Gibbon, unknown to the Indians, had forcemarched to catch up with them, gathering in Catlin's militia along the way.

CHIEF JOSEPH, the Nez Perce leader who eluded the forces of four U. S. Army generals during the summer and fall of 1877 in his efforts to find refuge in Canada. Before he surrendered near present-day Chinook on October 7, 1877, he had harassed and outmaneuvered his pursuers and did so accompanied by at least 300 women and children, 700 horses, and only about 100 warriors. He died in bitter exile on September 21, 1904 at about 64 years of age.



Five members of Capt. Catlin's Bitterroot Volunteers are shown in this historic picture taken from Volume 7, "Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana." Left to right at the top are Sam O. Chaffin and Samuel S. "Squire" Madding. In the center is Myron M. Lockwood, who was severely wounded in the Big Hole fighting. Bottom row, left to right, are "Bunch" Sherrill and Thomas C. Sherrill. All these men were living when their part in the battle was told by one of their members, Amos Buck, in a speech at the first reunion of the battle participants at Hamilton, Mont., Aug. 9, 1908. Buck's remarks were recorded in "Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana," Vol. VII.



But in spite of the volunteer reinforcements the Indians outnumbered Gibbon's command by nearly three to one and with the trigger-quick reactions which were to save them time and time again, they dived for whatever cover they could find and counterattacked. And Gibbon had to pull back and dig

in. This was a mistake; Gibbon, with 146 Regulars and 34 Volunteers, found himself surrounded and under fire from all sides, fighting Indians who did nothing Indians were supposed to do. They hadn't run at the first surprise; and now they dug in themselves and began pouring accurate fire from well-concealed positions at Gibbon's quickly entrenched troops.

It was a pretty desperate situation; Gibbon wrote afterward that if the Indians had pressed their attack early in the day it would have been the Battle of the Little Big Horn all over again,

<sup>a</sup> Only ashes remain of Fort Fizzle, said by some to be "a landmark of a battle of wits." An unfortunate brush fire in 1934 destroyed the relics of this hastily built rampart of logs, earth and stones. Captain Rawn and his troops and volunteers from Fort Missoula pitched camp on a slight eminence and for several hundred feet around built encircling breastworks, sometimes two logs on the ground and one above, and sometimes four or five logs. Intercepting Chief Joseph, the captain is reported to have told the Nez Perce leader that he and his party could cross the mountains "only over our dead bodies." Joseph replied he would cross, and not over any bodies.



THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, the restless and enigmatic man who as Acting Governor of the Territory took full advantage of the Indian scare to try to raise and equip a large force, met his mysterious death in the Missouri River at Fort Benton on July 1, 1867.

with himself playing the role of Custer. At one time this almost happened when the Indians set the prairie grass afire and almost overwhelmed the army's positions. But the wind changed, the fire sputtered out, and a gallant defense saved the day.<sup>9</sup>

The Volunteers did more than their share. At nightfall more than one-third of the command were casualties—10 of them Volunteers. And then, with no relief in sight, W. H. (Billy) Edwards, a Montana Militiaman, offered to try to get through the Indian lines for help. Since not one of Gibbon's command was frontiersman enough to play hide-and-seek with Indians, his offer was accepted. Edwards crawled on his belly straight through the Nez Perce lines, and walked the more than forty miles to French's Gulch, where he borrowed a horse and rode another forty miles to Deer Lodge where finally he made contact with General Howard's forces, who rode to the rescue.<sup>10</sup> But by the time they arrived Joseph's scouts had warned him and the Nez Perce had pulled out to the southeast.

<sup>9</sup> For some excellent first-hand and detailed accounts of the Battle of the Big Hole, see *Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana*, Vol. II, "Lieutenant James H. Bradley's Journal of the Campaign Against the Hostile Sioux in 1876 Under the Command of General John Gibbon," pp. 140, Vol. IV, pp. 159, 166, 173. Vol. VII, "Battle of the Big Hole," Gen. C. A. Woodruff, pp. 97; "Review of the Battle of the Big Hole," Amos Buck, pp. 117; "Communication Concerning the Battle of the Big Hole," pp. 131.

Howard pursued them, joined at Junction Camp on August 17 by 55 militiamen from Virginia City, commanded by Captain James E. Calloway. At Camas Meadows, on August 19, the Nez Perce doubled back and attacked, driving away Howard's pack mules and part of his horse remuda.<sup>11</sup> Howard took out after them and ran smack into an ambush. After stiff fighting, the Nez Perce moved on toward Yellowstone Park and with the threat to the Madison removed, Calloway and his men returned to Virginia City with no casualties, throwing their packs up on the rafters of the *Madisonian* offices, where they lay untouched for seventy-odd years.

But the Montana Militia had been blooded at the Big Hole. Catlin's company had six dead and four wounded, and only the academic problem of their legal status remains. Standing to arms in defense of the Bitterroot at the first news of Joseph's approach, it is obvious that they went into action long before Governor Potts' official messengers could reach them. But two questions must be explored: (1) was a militia company, organized by democratic processes as militia had been since the act of 1792, not legally an official military body whether it had gubernatorial sanction or not? (2) how did the Congress of the United States feel about it, along with its legally constituted military arm, the U. S. Army?

Montanans, of course, reach the proud conclusion that the Montana Volunteers fought as a regular military unit, under

<sup>10</sup> A Bitterroot Volunteer, Amos Buck, told of Billy Edwards' heroism in these words: "After dark General Gibbon called for a volunteer to take dispatches to Deer Lodge, the nearest telegraph station, and to get teams and physicians to come and care for his wounded. Billy Edwards of Catlin's company said he would go, and though a number of others also volunteered their services for the hazardous trip, Edwards preferred to go alone. The general gave Edwards a few dollars and told him he did not have a mouthful of provisions to give him. With a 'God bless you' from the General, Billy Edwards passed the outer guards, perhaps to see the face of white man no more, with a distance of 60 [sic] miles to make without a mouthful of food and the country infested with merciless savages, risking his life for the sake of others." *Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana*, Vol. VII.

CAPT. JOHN B. CATLIN, whose Bitterroot Volunteers fired the first shots in the Battle of the Big Hole August 9, 1877. Colonel John Gibbon cordially welcomed Catlin and his 34 volunteers when they offered their services. Manning an advance skirmish line, Catlin's men shot the first Indian they saw, the medicine man Cul-Cul-Se-Ne Na. It was also a Catlin volunteer, Billy Edwards, who made the heroic dash to Deer Lodge to get help for the beleaguered men of Gibbon's Big Hole command. (Historical Society of Montana photo.)

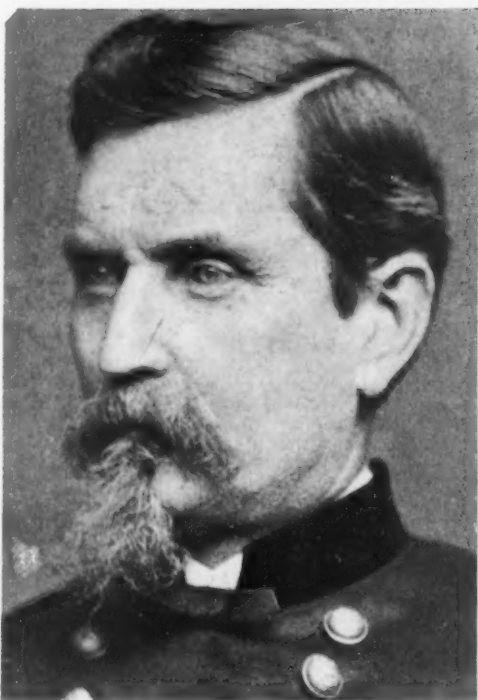
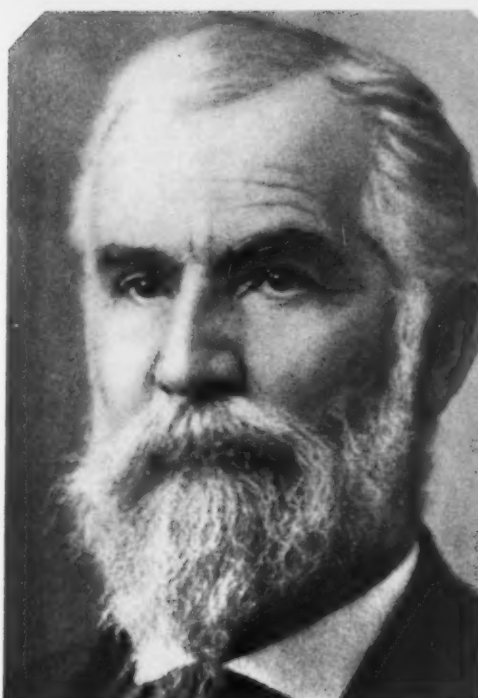
accepted Army command, obeying the orders of their officers and meeting combat like any other soldiers—answering the first question with an undoubted affirmative.

The Army and the Congress add a ringing official confirmation with their answer to the second question. Even before the campaign was over, Colonel Gibbon publicly praised the actions of the Montana Volunteers and was so convinced of their official participation that he took personal action to obtain pensions for the wounded volunteers and their families.<sup>12</sup> The War Department, in its turn, entered upon its official rosters the names of the Montana Volunteers who fought in the Nez Perce campaign. And Congress, under the Acts of March 4, 1881, declared the Montana Volunteers entitled to pay for their services against Joseph, and reimbursed them accordingly.

So whether the National Guard, history's heir to the military tradition of the militia, takes official notice or not, the honor roll of battle that stretches back to the Revolution carries on it, along with the names of the heroes of Lexington and Concord, Gettysburg and Bull Run, those of Montana citizens who, like the minutemen of old, picked up their rifles and went out together to defend their homes.

<sup>11</sup> Apparently seeking revenge for the surprise at the Big Hole, Chief Joseph planned a skillful maneuver at Camas Meadows, while the command of General Howard felt more secure than usual. "An unusual feeling of security pervaded the camp," Howard wrote to the Secretary of War. And Lieutenant C. E. S. Wood, the General's aide-de-camp, remarked as he and the general were preparing for bed: "Well, I'll take off my pants tonight; it is so safe a place." After his surrender in Eastern Montana, Joseph said that he had planned to steal Howard's horses and mules because he was tired of having the General so close on his heels and wanted to "set him afoot." He was greatly disappointed to find the cavalry horses had been picketed for the night, as he would have preferred the horses to the mules, although he had hoped to get both.—*War Chief Joseph*, Howard and McGrath.

<sup>12</sup> General Alfred Terry, after reading Colonel Gibbons' report of the Big Hole fight said: "I think that no one can read this report from Colonel Gibbon without feelings of great admiration for him, for his officers, for his men, and for the citizen volunteers who fought with them."—*Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana*, Vol. VII.



COLONEL JOHN GIBBON, who became a brigadier general in 1885, welcomed Montana Territory's citizen-soldiers as full comrades-in-arms when the first shots of the Big Hole Battle were fired in 1877. A native of Pennsylvania, Gibbon was successful throughout his Army career in dealing with volunteer soldiers, having organized and trained the famed "Iron Brigade" of volunteers during the Civil War. Gibbon retired in 1891 and died at Baltimore in 1896.

## A DISTINGUISHED RECORD

MONTANA'S record in military battle—from the bitter U. S. Indian Wars to the Korean conflict—has been a proud one. Her percentage of volunteers during World War I, in fact, is difficult to believe. According to the late Joseph Kinsey Howard, in his "Montana, High Wide and Handsome", recently re-published (Yale University Press), Montana's volunteer contribution was 1000 per cent above the national average!

Congressional Medal of Honor records show that Montanans and men who fought on Montana soil have been indeed valiant. In a beautifully printed book Medal of Honor, published in 1948 by the U. S. Government Printing Office, all recipients of the nation's highest military honor have been recorded. Whenever possible, places of birth and places of entry into service are given.

A total of 88 Medals of Honor were awarded for action in the Indian Wars in Montana Territory. Twenty-four of these were given to men of the divided Seventh Cavalry at the Little Big Horn who spent June 25, 26 and 27, 1876, carrying water to the wounded while still under heavy fire from the Indians. It is sometimes forgotten that not all of the Seventh Cavalry was destroyed with Custer on June 25. Two miles away the balance of the divided force fought a grueling 3-day action against the Indians which ended in a withdrawal by the savages the day before the soldiers were relieved. On these days, the remainder of the Seventh Cavalry fought not only Indians but thirst. Their only access to water was over an area swept by galling Indian fire. It was in obtaining the water that most of the 24 Medals of Honor were awarded to these gallant men.

A native Montanan, Cpl. Cornelius C. Smith of Helena, received the medal of bravery at White River, S. Dak. on Jan. 1, 1891. This was during the last warfare between the whites and the Sioux. Smith's citation in the Medal of Honor book reads: "With four men of his troop he drove off a superior force of the enemy and held his position against their repeated efforts to recapture it, and subsequently pursued them a great distance."

Seven men who fought Chief Joseph's Nez Perce at the Big Hole were awarded the Medal of Honor (for action Aug. 9, 1877, recounted in the preceding article). At the Battle of the Bear's Paw in September, when Chief Joseph surrendered, nine troopers received the award. During the entire Nez Perce campaign of 1877, 20 Medals of Honor were won.

Although he is listed as address unknown in The Medal of Honor book, veteran's records show that John E. Moran, who enlisted with Company A, First Montana Volunteers Infantry at Great Falls, was given the medal for action in the Philippine Insurrection on Sept. 17, 1900. At the time of his citation on Luzon, Philippines, he was a captain in Co. L, 37th Infantry. His citation reads: "After the attacking party had become demoralized, he fearlessly led a small body of troops under a severe fire and through water waist deep in the attack against the enemy." Moran died in Great Falls on Nov. 4, 1930.

In World War II, four Montanans received the coveted medal, two posthumously. Capt. William W. Galt of Geyser, Mont., received his posthumous award for action on May 29, 1944 near Villa Crocetta, Italy. His citation reads, in part: "An infantry officer, he rode a tank destroyer and manned the turret gun despite heavy enemy fire. Before he was mortally wounded he had personally destroyed a 77 mm. antitank gun, killed 40 Germans, and wounded many more."

Medical Technician Laverne Parrish of Ronan received his honor for action between Jan. 18 and 24, 1945, on Luzon, Philippine Islands. His citation said, in part: "During this period he continually braved intense enemy fire to administer first aid to his wounded comrades and to drag others to safety. On one day he treated nearly all of the 37 casualties suffered by his company before he was mortally wounded by mortar fire . . ."

Leo J. Powers of Alder, Mont., received the nation's highest military honor for service near Cassino, Italy on Feb. 3, 1944. Alone Pfc. Powers attacked the Germans, estimated to be at least 50 in strength, and supported by machine guns emplaced in pillboxes. In his assault he killed five of the enemy, wounded four others, and smashed three pillboxes.

Montana's other World War II Medal of Honor winner is T/Sgt. Henry Schauer of Scooby, who also distinguished himself in Italy, near Cisterna di Littoria May 23-24, 1944. In duels with three German machine guns, he killed their gun crews while standing unprotected as bullets sprayed the ground at his feet. In this remarkable display of marksmanship and daring, he killed 17 Germans in 17 hours.

The story of other early Montana volunteers who risked their lives patriotically is told in the preceding article. With little hope of reward or even of official recognition, hundreds volunteered and many served with distinction.



# They Travelled With The Governor

The Prodigious Journeys in  
The Later Life of Sir George  
Simpson and the Men Who  
Tried to Keep Up With Him.

by J. W. Chalmers



(Reproduced by courtesy of the Hudson's Bay Co.)

THE YEAR 1960 marks the centenary of the death of one of North America's most outstanding empire builders. This little red-headed Scots bastard, christened George Simpson and reared in the ascetic atmosphere of a Presbyterian manse, for nearly forty years ruled one-quarter of the continent as Governor-in-Chief of Rupert's Land and viceroy of the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay, known to history as the Hudson's Bay Company.

In 1843 Sir Simpson completed a journey around the world that spanned two oceans and three continents, thereafter settling down at Lachine, near Montreal. Yet "settling down" is hardly the term. Despite his advancing years—he was born about 1787—from 1843 to 1859, the doughty governor never missed his annual canoe voyage to his western domain. Once it was to Moose Factory only, on James Bay. Once, in 1851, he got only as far as Sault Ste. Marie, and in 1858 he travelled the American route via St. Paul. But every other year he made the exhausting trip by the old fur traders' route from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, and thence to Norway House or Fort Garry, and in 1846 even to York Factory on the bleak and treeless coast of Hudson Bay.

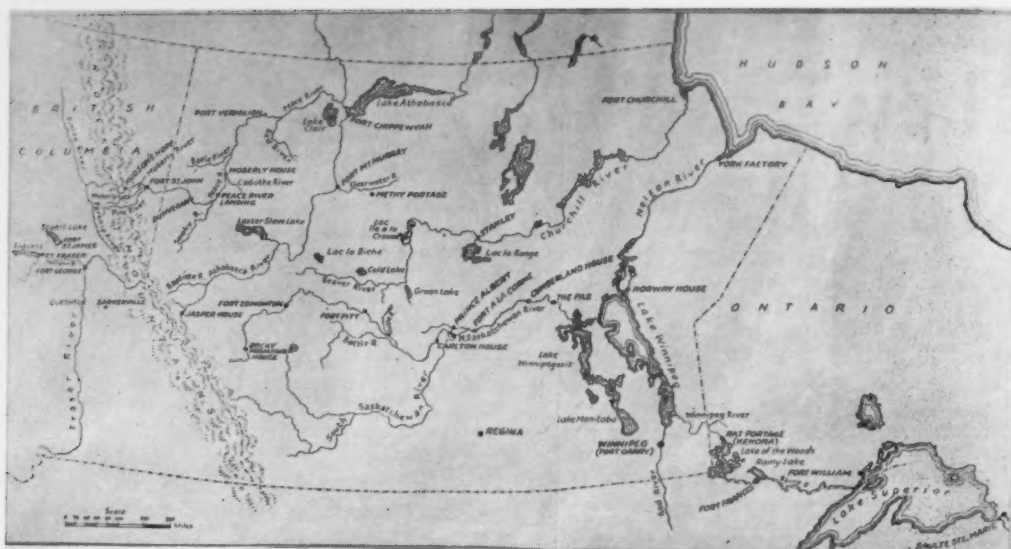
SPRING 1960

John West Chalmers was born in Winnipeg in 1910 and grew up in western Manitoba. A graduate of Manitoba, Alberta, and Stanford Universities, Dr. Chalmers says that he is a "writer by inclination, a high school teacher by profession, and a civil servant by occupation." He has been a member of Alberta's Provincial Department of Education staff for the past 20 years.

Besides his regular academic duties, Dr. Chalmers has lectured at the University of Alberta and at Eastern Montana College of Education at Billings where for two summers he gave a course in Canadian-American relations. It was at Billings that the author says he first discovered this magazine, and has been a subscriber ever since. We are delighted to welcome him here as an author.

Dr. Chalmers' writings include numerous articles in Canadian and American educational journals, "Red River Adventure," a juvenile history of Manitoba's earliest settlers, and editorship of a number of secondary school literature anthologies. "Naturally," he says, "I have a couple of projects in process currently."

During World War II he served with the RCAF as a navigator. He is married, has four sons and two daughters, and now lives at Edmonton, Alberta.



This map of the Canadian Northwest, showing many of the Hudson's Bay Co. posts visited by Sir George Simpson, appears in the book "When Fur Was King" written by Henry J. Moberly and W. R. Cameron.

Since the Company's fur brigades were the only regular means of conveyance between Canada and Rupert's Land during the 1840's and early '50's, all kinds of people begged Sir George for transportation to the West:—missionaries, explorers, government officials, military officers, scientists, titled sportsmen, even painters. Their importunities must have wearied the governor, for every traveller meant the weight of the man and his baggage had to be subtracted from the total of trade goods that could be carried to the distant outposts of the fur empire. Yet Sir George, with the approval of the London Committee, the Company's board of directors, brusquely or urbanely granted all such requests.

The brusqueness was for the unknown and unimportant, perhaps, and yet their requests were not refused, and often the stern little dictator showed surprising thoughtfulness.

In April, 1843, one such passenger was Captain John Henry Lefroy, who left Lachine on the first leg of a journey that was to take him to far-off Fort Chipewyan. There he was to spend the following winter making magnetic observations for the British Army. In June, Lefroy was welcomed to Fort Garry (now Winnipeg) by Simpson himself, who had overtaken and passed

him on the way. Lefroy must have created a very fine impression on the governor, for when the time came for the captain to continue his journey, Sir George rode with him from Fort Garry, at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, to Lower Fort Garry, and loaned him a book in the bargain. Lefroy rose to be a major-general, a governor, and a knight, but he never forgot the kindness of Sir George and the Honourable Company.

George Simpson was accustomed to travel so rapidly that he was accused of being in league with the powers of the princes of the air. On at least one occasion, however, a few years later, he journeyed with a man who moved even more rapidly than himself. It all began at Lachine one March morning in 1846 when the governor's secretary announced that a young artist named Paul Kane wished to see him. Kane's request was that of many another visitor, that he be provided with transportation to Red River.

The governor was not surprised. All kinds of people solicited him for help in reaching Rupert's Land. But this was the first time that he had had such a request from a self-confessed artist. Sir George was intrigued. Apparently the young man wanted to paint savage scenery and savage natives, while even

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## Rupert's Land and the "Honourable Company"

The recorded history of the vast territory known as "Ruperts Land" began on May 2, 1670, when Charles II of England chartered it to his "dear and entirely beloved Cousin Prince Rupert" and a group of associates incorporated as "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay."

Comprising most of present-day Canada, no man then knew the exact boundaries of Rupert's Land. But roughly it included all lands and waters drained into Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait. Thus it extended eastward almost to the shores of Labrador and westward to the Rocky Mountain divide of the Saskatchewan River and the eastern divide of the Athabasca River, Great Slave Lake and Back's River. To the south the territory reached the northern watershed of the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes and the upper Missouri. The watershed of Hudson Strait was the rough northern boundary. The charter granted the Governor and Company absolute control over "all those Seas, Streights, Bayes, Rivers, Lakes, Creekes and Soundes in whatsoever Latitude they shall bee." And they became "Lordes and Proprietors" of all the gold, silver, precious stones, furs and fish.

But the British and the "Honourable Company" did not hold this incredible treasure without opposition. The paternalistic French had laid claim to Canada in the 1500's after the explorations of Cartier. New France was established on the eastern seaboard, and even after France was thrown from the continent after the Seven Years' War in 1763, these hardy French remained and are still a powerful force in Canadian life.

After France ceased to be a threat, the mighty Hudson's Bay Company still had her enemies. A group of free traders who challenged the validity of Charles' gracious charter established the formidable North West Company of Montreal in 1787. This company, which eventually came to peace with the Hudson's Bay Company by coalition, was made up of dashing and aggressive adventurers who had the backing of men with money in Montreal and Quebec. For 35 years these two great companies fought and contended in the far-flung wastes of Rupert's Land.

Sir George Simpson, whose exploits in later life are recounted in the accompanying article, was one of the men of vision and skill who activated the coalition which in 1821 finally ended the strife. When Simpson became governor-in-chief of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1826, he was viceroy of the entire area now the Dominion of Canada excepting the valley of the St. Lawrence and the Maritime Provinces.

The "Honourable Company" chose its governor well. They were big enough to overlook the fact that when he was born in Loch Broom in Ross-shire, Scotland, in about 1787, he was the illegitimate son of George Simpson. Indeed, the fact of his birth did not prevent his being knighted in 1841 by the English crown. An appendix note in "Simpson's Athabaska Journal," published in 1938 by the Hudson's Bay Record Society, states that "an illegitimate child can usually be certain as to who is his mother, but not so certain of his father; with Simpson the reverse holds good. There is no reason to doubt that his father was George Simpson, eldest son of Rev. Thomas Simpson of Avoch."

Little is known of the future governor's early life but it is known that he went to London in 1809 and worked for the old West Indies house of Wedderburn. He came to the notice of Andrew Colville, a committee man for Hudson's Bay Company, and in the spring of 1820 he was sent to the far-off Athabasca country in present-day Alberta to gain experience in the fur trade. He was not long in learning the trade or in displaying remarkable talent for administration and diplomacy.

Sir Simpson was a severe administrator, but he combined his severity with affable good humor which helped him heal old wounds. His most notable characteristic was energy. No element of the fur trade escaped his personal inspection, and throughout his life his journeys were notable for speed. A stickler for economy, he once refused a requisition for mustard sent in by a post officer with the words, "One would think from the quantity you order, that it is intended to be used in the Indian trade."

Dr. Chalmers here narrates some of the later journeys made by this indomitable and able man. Some of the humor which served Sir George so well shows through; and his passion for speed is still there, even in his old age!

—The Editors





FORT WILLIAM, situated at the head of Lake Superior at the mouth of the Kaministiquia River, became the most important trading post of the North West Company in 1803. First named after the river of its location, the name was shortened to New Fort in 1805. It became Fort William in 1807, in honor of William McGillivray who became chief director of the North West Company in 1804. He left Canada before his company entered the coalition with Hudson's Bay Company, ending many years of contention and strife. This drawing of Fort William in 1866 is reproduced from the original in the Public Archives of Canada.

Simpson himself knew that closer to hand or in Europe, there were far better subjects for painting—noble buildings, impressive ruins, landscaped vistas, beautiful women, distinguished men—like Sir George himself. In the end, however, he gave his consent, and even commissioned a dozen paintings himself. Thus on May 9, 1846, Kane left Toronto in company with Sir George on the first step of his journey to the West.

Reaching Mackinaw, the young man was informed that the steamer would leave the following morning for Sault Ste. Marie. Kane spent the night on shore, but was dismayed, when he presented himself at the wharf the next morning, to learn that the vessel bearing his patron had sailed twenty minutes previously.

"This was indeed a damper of no ordinary magnitude," Kane relates in his *Wanderings of an Artist*, "as, should I fail in seeing Sir George before he left the Sault, I should not be able to accompany the canoes. I was aware, likewise, that the governor would not remain longer than a few hours; but how to overtake him was the difficulty, as no boat would leave for four days."

Despite adverse weather, Kane at last succeeded in chartering a little skiff and a crew of three teen-age boys to take him forty-five miles across Lake Huron and another equal distance up the Ste. Marie River to the Sault. The little expedition set out, using a blanket for a sail, provisioned with a loaf of bread and a little tea and sugar. With a good wind, they reached the mouth of the river at sunset, but still they had to traverse forty-five miles of winding river dotted with islands, against the current and in the dark. Moreover, the voyage had to be completed by day-break, or all exertions were in vain.

A dozen times throughout the night the tiny crew gave up in despair; a dozen times they renewed their efforts. But when the dawn broke, there was the steamer not two miles away. Great was Sir George's astonishment when he arose a short time later to discover the tardy passenger once more aboard.

"The voyage on no former occasion had been performed in so short a time under corresponding circumstances," Kane wrote a few years later, "and to this day the undertaking is still talked of as a rather notable adventure in Mackinaw and the Sault."





But Kane's transportation problems were still not solved. The fur brigade had left two days before, and Sir George's canoes were too heavily laden to admit another passenger. The artist had to wait until a Company schooner was unloaded and sailed for Fort William. Sir George left on May 14; Kane not until six days later. At last he reached Fort William, missing the fur brigade—and his passage—by a single day.

Impressed by the young man's determination, Sir George perhaps spoke to Chief Factor Mackenzie on his behalf. In any event, within half an hour that worthy gentleman had put a light canoe and three men at Kane's disposal. Ten hours of furious paddling up the Kaministiquia River enabled the artist to overtake the brigade some thirty-five miles from Fort William, and Kane's transportation problems were solved. On May 27, the governor overtook the brigade.

"Sir George only stopped a few minutes to congratulate me on having overcome the difficulties of my starting," Kane wrote. "He seemed to think that the perseverance and determination I had shown augured well for my future success."

Paul Kane encountered the governor only once more on his journey, when the latter invited him to dinner at the next *portage*. However, the intended guest was never able to catch up to his

ARTIST PAUL KANE, whose prodigious output of drawings, sketches, paintings and diaries represents one of the finest known records of early life in the Canadian wilds, accompanied Sir George Simpson on a westward journey in 1846. Kane is shown as a young man in this picture which comes from the Hudson's Bay Co. Library in Winnipeg.

host, and did not meet him again until he delivered the twelve paintings a few years afterwards.

The following year, Sir George's fellow travellers were two young noblemen from Great Britain: Frederick Ulrich Graham and Vincent Rowland Corbet, each destined to wear a baronet's coronet. They crossed the Atlantic on the same ship as the fur-trade governor. Before they left him at New York, he gave them a letter of introduction to Chief Trader John Ballenden, of Sault Sainte Marie.

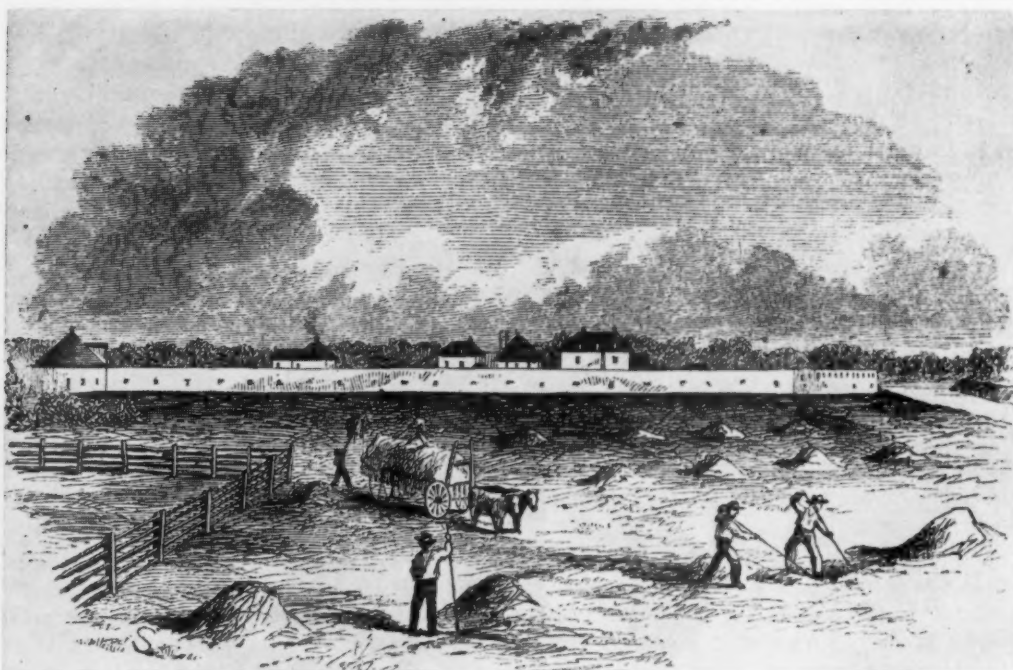
"This will be handed to you by Mr. C. T. P. McKenzie who, accompanied by Messrs. Graham and Corbet proceed direct with all expedition to the Sault in hopes of reaching that place previous to the passing of the canoes for the North. Should these gentlemen be successful in that object, you will make the necessary arrangements for their comfortable accommodation in the canoes as far as Fort William where they are to remain until I join them."

The two young gentlemen reached the Sault by steamer and spent a week or more enjoying the amenities of the little village. Graham in his journal records that he fished, went snipe-hunting, visited the lodges of the natives, and spent a good deal of time learning Chippewa. His teacher was a pretty young squaw!

After a week or so, Sir George arrived. At once the sleepy little village was thrown into a frenzy of activity, and the two young men were immediately carried off by canoe to Fort William, the governor being delayed at the Sault. The party rose each morning at three o'clock as they sped along the northern shore of Lake Superior. These stiff-lipped Britons bathed every day in the frigid lake, emerging from the ice-filled waters as blue as their wood-painted ancestors.



FORT GARRY, later called UPPER FORT GARRY, is located on the site of the city of Winnipeg, its ancient stone gateway still standing. After the union with the North West Company in 1821, Hudson's Bay Company decided to build an important post near the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. The location chosen was the site of the North West Company's Fort Gibraltar, then in a ruinous state. The Hudson's Bay Company's own previous establishments in the vicinity had been limited to small stores in the Red River Settlement: the first, built in 1814 on the east (St. Boniface) bank of the Red, was moved to the Winnipeg bank in 1815; its successor was built in 1817-18. The new post was ready for occupancy in 1822 and was named Fort Garry after Nicholas Garry, who had visited Red River in 1821. The great flood of 1826 damaged Fort Garry so severely that Governor George Simpson decided to re-establish it on a completely new site, some 19 miles down the Red River. There Lower Fort Garry was built in 1831-33. Soon after this, however, Simpson changed his mind and determined to move his headquarters back to the junction of the Red and Assiniboine. Construction of Upper Fort Garry, as the new post was called, began in the spring of 1835. It was a little west of the first Fort Garry, on a site that extends across the present Main Street, near the Union Station, in the heart of Winnipeg. It was a large structure, with walls and bastions of stone. In 1845 it measured 240 by 250 feet, but in the 1850's it was considerably enlarged. The founding of Manitoba in 1870 and the growth of the city of Winnipeg naturally brought changes. Fences soon replaced the stone walls; the bastions were pulled down in 1882; some of the buildings were demolished and others were moved the same year. By 1897 only a stone gateway remained; this relic and the property upon which it stands were presented to the city. Part of Hudson's Bay House, the company's present headquarters in Canada, stands on property that was once within the walls of Fort Garry. (Taken from "Encyclopedia Canadiana." See also MacLeod, M. A., "Winnipeg and HBC," from "The Beaver," quarterly of the Hudson's Bay Company, June, 1949 issue.)



LOWER FORT GARRY, former Hudson's Bay Co. post on the west bank of the Red River, about 19 miles north of Winnipeg. The original Fort Garry, at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, was badly damaged by floods in 1826, and Governor George Simpson decided to move the district headquarters to a new site farther down the Red. Construction of Lower Fort Garry began in 1831; it was occupied in 1832 but not completed until 1839. Next to Prince of Wales's Fort, at Churchill, it was the most elaborate of the company's posts. Covering almost 13 acres, it has walls, bastions and several buildings of stone. As it happened, it served as district headquarters only in the years 1832-37, as Simpson changed his mind and moved the staff back to the forks. Lower Fort Garry continued to be a trading centre until 1909. Four years later it was leased to the Winnipeg Motor Country Club. In 1951 it was presented to the Government of Canada and became a National Historic Park. (See "Lower Fort Garry," Dec. 1935 "The Beaver," MacLeod, "The City That Never Was," Sept. 1950, "The Beaver.")

HENRY JOHN MOBERLY, who traveled westward with Sir George Simpson in 1854 when he was an apprentice clerk for Hudson's Bay Co., is pictured in 1926, at the age of 91. He became a factor for the giant company and told his adventures in the book "When Fur Was King," written with the help of W. R. Cameron and published in 1929. How Moberly became the butt of Sir George's frequent jokes is retold in this article.

Despite their early reveilles, the governor overtook and passed the young men, and was waiting for them when they reached Fort William. Then began the passage over "the most difficult route in the world." Though the calendar indicated May, the weather was evidently left over from February or March. Cold rain and biting gales were varied only by snowstorms. One evening, when the force of the wind had halted the expedition at two o'clock in the afternoon, Sir George decided a party was needed to maintain morale. A feast was spread in his tent—fish and wild duck, rice pudding, cream, and wine from the governor's private store. And the next morning the party slept late—until 6:00 a. m.

At Rat Portage, now Kenora, Graham met the officer in charge, Donald McKenzie. When he discovered that McKenzie had two pretty daughters, the future baronet of Netherby had no time for their father. Instead, he had a long chat with one of the girls, who, he discovered, saw white people only twice a year, when the fur brigades passed and repassed.

Soon after leaving the Lake of the Woods, the little party was hurling down the precipitous Winnipeg River. Graham has left a vivid description of how they ran a rapid.

"Bateste jumped upon the gunwale, chose his place, and at it we went like a horse at a fence. The roar became louder every moment, you see waves, rocks, and foams all around you for a few seconds, while you whirl through it, it appears a toss up if you are to be swamped or dashed to pieces, and then you find yourself floating quietly at the bottom, and wonder how in the world you got there!"



On one such occasion, Graham smugly tells that Simpson and his companions were soaked to the skin from the spray and water which nearly swamped the canoe, while Bateste guided the two noble tourists through the rapid without shipping a drop.

Early in June, the party reached Lower Fort Garry, where Graham and Corbet enjoyed the hospitality of the officers' club, a British garrison being stationed there. Simpson hurried on to Norway House, while Graham, suddenly ill, convalesced at the Stone Fort. On July 18 the two sportsmen set out overland for Fort Edmonton under the guidance of Chief Factor John Edward Harriot, of Rocky Mountain House, whom Sir George had sent to convey them to their destination.

Seven years later, in 1854, another young man made the westward journey with Sir George. He was Henry John Moberly, an apprentice clerk heading west to his first assignment with the Company. In his book *When Fur Was King*, Moberly reveals Simpson's fondness for jokes, a rather unexpected characteristic in this serious man of business.





NORWAY HOUSE, located on the northern end of Lake Winnipeg, was built in 1814 by eight Norwegians sent from Europe by the Hudson's Bay Company. The original building, destroyed by fire in 1824, was located on the west bank of the Nelson River. It was rebuilt in 1826 and removed to the east bank of the Jack River about 20 miles north of the old site. It became an important depot and administrative center for the company's Northern Department. The last council meeting was held here in 1870 before the transfer of Rupert's Land to the Dominion. This picture, from the Public Archives of Canada, was taken inside the fort in 1878.

Sir George and his party were on that occasion welcomed to Fort William by the breaking out of the old HBC flag, firing of guns, and cheering of the assembled whites, half-breeds, and Indians. As the governor stepped ashore, he spoke to the chief Iroquois canoe man.

"At ten minutes past six we start." Then he added to the chief factor, "Council meets at one o'clock. Just two and a half hours for feasting and talking, then to business."

Young Moberly had never seen such a feast as followed—smoked and salted buffalo tongues and humps, moose noses and tongues, beaver tails, venison, wild ducks and geese, fresh trout and whitefish. "Discipline being very strict in those days," all they had to drink was sherry, old port wine, and champagne, brought from Europe by the governor himself. Sir George sat at the head of the table, and the others—traders, clerks, and apprentices—were seated according to their rank and seniority.

"Sir George, who loved a quiet joke, played a good one at the expense of the officers and my unworthy self," Moberly wrote many years later. "Suspecting that I did not know the difference between a chief factor and an apprentice clerk, first posting the officers

we had travelled with, he introduced me as the new chief factor of Saskatchewan. Those not in the secret were convinced that a youngster like myself, to have acquired such exalted rank, must be the son of one of the largest shareholders of the Company, who, dying suddenly, had left me all his shares. I was seated among the 'big bugs,' and to carry off the joke, Sir George took wine with me before anyone else. That settled it, though I myself thought it was merely an act of courtesy toward a stranger."

The meeting of the council of the Southern Department began at one and ended at five o'clock. At five past six, the governor shouted, "All aboard," and at six ten the party was once more under way.

Each morning at breakfast—after the party had covered many miles—it was Sir George's custom to strip and plunge into the cold water of the running stream. Moberly felt that if an old man of sixty-eight could endure such an ordeal, a young fellow like himself could certainly stand it. Even when the weather was atrocious, featured by mixed snow and ice, the governor—and the apprentice—practiced what the latter described as "my chief's pernicious custom."





YORK FACTORY, located on the west shore of Hudson Bay, is shown in this 1853 lithograph from the Public Archives of Canada. Furs from all the region between Hudson Bay and the Rocky Mountains and between the American boundary and the Arctic were brought to this point, and from it went out the supplies imported from England to sustain operations of the gigantic company. The original fort was built in 1682 and the site was in continual contention between the French and English. It was finally destroyed entirely in 1782 at the end of the American Revolution by French Admiral Laperouse. A new post was built in 1783 on the northern bank of the Hayes River, and during the years before Sir Simpson became governor of the company, York Factory was known as a filthy place, its personnel slack and prone to attacks of scurvy. But in 1830 Simpson reported that "the Establishment is altogether in a very complete state, except as regards the old Octagon building in the middle of the Factory, which is falling into decay."

At Fort Alexander, Moberly was once again the butt of the governor's humor. Sir George at dinner passed the young man a dish, which he promptly and persistently refused, despite repeated urgings. At length the chief asked him why.

"Sir George," he replied, "I may be a green man, but you won't catch me eating bear's drippings."

Amidst laughter at the apprentice, Simpson himself sampled the "bear's drippings," and Moberly was induced to try the dish. He then learned that it was extremely good, pemmican of the highest quality, made from pounded buffalo tongues, marrow fat, sugar, and dried Saskatoon berries.

Leaving Fort Alexander and arriving at Lake Winnipeg, the little expedition swung north to Norway House, where the council of the Northern Department was to meet. At noon on the third day Sir George departed, each canoe of his little flotilla bearing the Company's flag, and the Iroquois *voyageurs* chanting their boat songs. Then they disappeared from sight behind a point, and the young apprentice turned to the business of learning the fur trade.

Many travellers much more illustrious than young Moberly journeyed with the

little potentate of the fur trade. Such a one was the Earl of Southesk who in 1859 joined Sir George for his annual visit to Fort Garry.

The governor was old, ill, and nearly blind, but not for those reasons was he that year attempting another route. In the United States, railroad builders were pushing the steel westward to the Pacific, and already had reached St. Paul. For years, the creaking Red River Carts had carried the goods of commerce between the two centres. Though his eyesight was failing, Simpson could see far enough into the future to know that the iron horse could move goods faster and more cheaply than the one of flesh, or than the best of canoe-men. From Lachine, Sir George and the noble earl proceeded to Detroit, then across the northern United States "by the steam cars" to St. Paul.

Here Southesk purchased saddles, horses, harness, and a wagon. Sir George was met by a party that had come down from Fort Garry. In the midst of all preparations, however, the old fur trader found time to accompany his noble companion to view the Falls of Minnehaha, celebrated in Longfellow's poem.



The YORK BOAT, which because of its greater carrying capacity and smaller crews largely replaced the canoe in the fur trade, is shown above in this early picture from the Hudson's Bay Company Library in Winnipeg. As early as the 18th century these "flat boats" began to be used as interior transport by the Hudson's Bay Company. Early in the 1800's, the company began sending out models in frame of these sturdy boats and by 1820 they were widely used. Shaped like a whaleboat and propelled by oars or a tracking line (or by sail when crossing a lake and when the weather permitted) they carried from 50 to 60 pieces with a crew of only six or seven men.

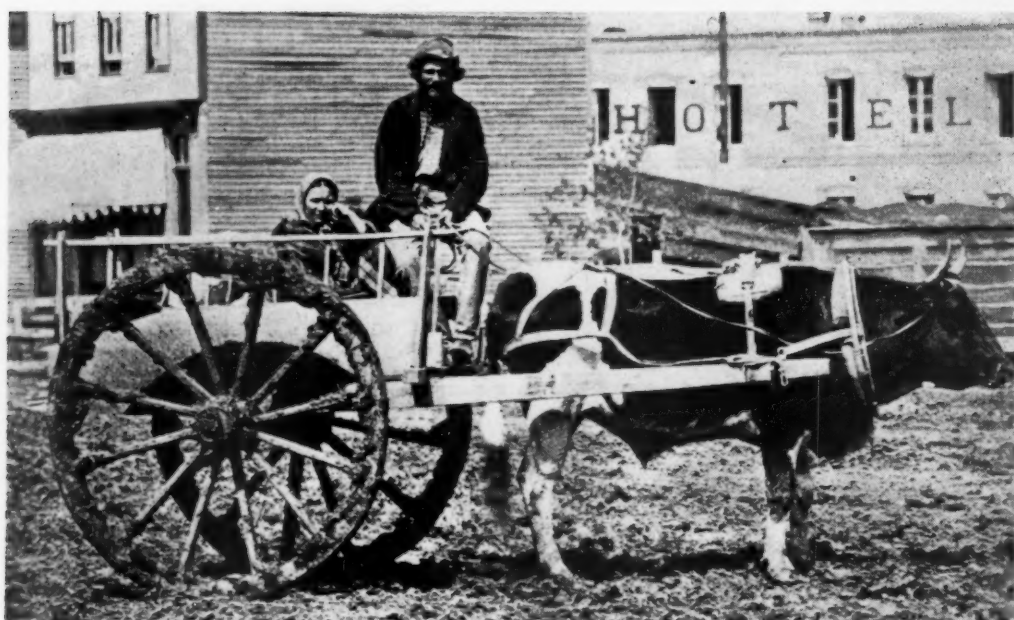


JAMES McKay, skilled guide for the Hudson's Bay Company, and later Minister of Agriculture, directed the expedition in 1859 during which the Earl of Southesk accompanied the aging Sir Simpson on his annual visit to Fort Garry. McKay is pictured above as he appeared in Alexander Beggs' "History of the Northwest." The Earl of Southesk marveled at the physical feats of this "grand and massive man." McKay, who was born in Edmonton, was educated at the Red River Settlement and became a member of the Council of Assinibola and of the North-West Council. He died in 1879.

Then they set out, the expedition under the direction of one James McKay, a formidable man garbed in blue blanket *capot*, red flannel shirt, and the first moccasins that Southesk had ever seen.

"It amused me to watch this grand and massive man pacing the hotel corridors with noiseless footfall," the earl later wrote, "while excitable little Yankees in shiny boots creaked and stamped about like so many busy steam-engines."

The first day was full of astonishment for the titled tourist. He marvelled at the diligence and fortitude of the *voyageurs*, especially when they had to ford a stream or river. And fords there were many, for the whole country was in flood. The conduct of the intrepid McKay especially excited the earl's admiration as he waded through mud or water up to his waist or chest, passing the heavy baggage over or dragging the frightened horses through the flood. Coming at last to the Red River, McKay lashed two



The RED RIVER CART, two-wheeled vehicles which served as overland transport throughout the fur trade era, is shown in this 1870 photograph. These creaky, versatile carts were widely used by Sir George Simpson and the "Honourable Company." How one was used to ford the Red River is told in this article. (Public Archives of Canada Photo.)

"dished" wheels of a Red River Cart together and covered them with oil cloth to form a boat, which served to carry over the baggage.

On the second day of the overland voyage, Southesk experienced all the excitement, without the danger, of an Indian attack. A group of Ojibways swooped down on the party demanding presents, one of them seizing McKay's bridle rein. McKay flung him off. Another seized the wheel of the cart in which the old governor was riding.

"Go on," Sir George shouted, "go on."

They went on, although the natives hurled insults at them, and fired a bullet over the departing heads.

That evening, Southesk created another spectacle. Lighting his pipe, he threw the still-burning match to the ground. Instantly the prairie was ablaze, and while the wind carried the flames away from the camp, for hours afterwards they could be seen on the horizon.

Later, the same night, the noble tourist saw his first prairie thunderstorm. To the roll of the thunder and constant

flash of the lightning was added the awe-inspiring spectacle of a tornado. Its black and writhing stem was capped by an immense black cloud, while the foot of its slender column dissolved into fierce torrents of rain and hail.

The earl was also introduced to a variety of prairie animal life. In the evening the frogs croaked solemnly and graceful sand-hill cranes uttered shrieks exceeded in their wretchedness, according to Southesk, only by the agonies of the ungreased Red River cart wheels.

On June 1, the governor and the nobleman reached Fort Garry, where they separated. Southesk remained in the prairie metropolis for two weeks, outfitting for his own expedition to the Far West. The old fur trader pushed on to Norway House for the annual meeting of the council of the Northern Department. This was Simpson's last visit to Rupert's Land. The following summer the indomitable old man got as far as St. Paul, where age and illness forced him to turn back. A few weeks later he was dead.



## THE LAST OF CAPTAIN JACK

A Fresh Appraisal of the  
Ute Subchief Who Touched  
Off the Meeker Massacre  
And Met a Violent Death

By Peggy H. Benjamin

AT THE moment everything was quiet on the White River reservation. It was still early morning. The late September sun was just beginning to thrust its bright burning face above the eastern Colorado hills. The light dazzled the windows of Agent Nathan Meeker's comfortable frame house, then moved on to the squat, ugly, log Indian quarters beyond. The year was 1879. Behind those log walls tension ran high.

Captain Jack,<sup>1</sup> chief of the White River Ute tribe, awake since long before dawn, rose from his rudely-made bed. His face was strained and grim, his heart bitter over the fate of his people.

He opened the door. His grave eyes sought Meeker's house. He saw no sign of life there, no evidence of the resolute, puritanical agent, more interested in results than methods, whose rigid rules, back-breaking discipline and severe self-denial on the part of the Utes had driven them to seething rebellion and uprisings.

He stood there a moment, drawing deep troubled breaths of Autumn air. Then he closed the door, buckled his gun belt around his waist and tested his Winchester.

Captain Jack was a handsome Indian. Tall, very tall, measuring six and a half feet, his features were clean-cut

and sharply defined, his black eyes intelligent and knowing. Experience with many white men had taught him much. He spoke the English language fluently. He was respected by his people; he was a just chief, a loyal partisan of his diminishing tribe, "dwellers of the Turquoise sky," and oldest residents of Colorado, once powerful in number, rich

Peggy H. Benjamin, daughter of Dan Haskell, prominent Nebraska rancher, has been writing Great Plains history and some fiction as well for more than 20 years. The accompanying article on the violent death of Captain Jack of the Utes evolved from the journals kept by her uncle, Cap Haskell.

Born on the South Loup in Nebraska, Mrs. Benjamin grew up on her father's ranch, Milldale. Following her marriage to James W. Benjamin, she moved to Evanston, Ill., where her husband completed his Ph.D and served on the faculty of Northwestern University.

The Benjamins moved to New York in 1938, and since 1954 they have lived in Omaha, where Dr. Benjamin is assistant dean at the University of Nebraska College of Medicine.



## THE TRAGEDY OF THE UTES AND NATHAN MEEKER

When the usually peaceful, fun-loving and tractable Utes of Colorado Territory killed Indian Agent Nathan Meeker and his White Indian Agency staff and kidnapped his family in September, 1879, it outraged the nation against the Redman more than any event since the Custer Massacre three years before.

In spite of the peace moves of their great chief, the ailing Ouray, a band of Northern Utes led by subchiefs Jack, Douglas and Colorow chafed against the policies of Agent Meeker. The agent had worked hard to turn them from carefree horse-racers into men dedicated to his Utopian dream of irrigated farming.

As always, writers since this boody event have taken strong stands on both sides of the situation, some villifying the Utes and others building a case against Nathan Meeker, whose idealism actually turned into brusque and sanctimonious stubbornness.

Not nearly as much has been written about Captain Jack, the young and intelligent Northern Ute who could not reconcile the peace policies of Ouray, and ended by leading his tribesmen in the Meeker Massacre. The violent death in exile of Captain Jack is skillfully related in this article by Mrs. Benjamin, who took the rare information from the rather obscure, but detailed journal of her uncle, Cap Haskell. History gains another facet in this account.

Cap Haskell, who died in March, 1933, was well known throughout the ranch lands of Colorado. Born in Oxford, Ohio, he came west in 1877. At the age of only 17, Haskell became foreman of the gigantic Seventy One Quarter Circle ranch on the Sweetwater river. He kept a careful journal of the years 1877 to 1834, much of it concerned with intimate stories of the Indians whose cause he championed. He was a close friend of Washakie, the Arapahoe chief, and could speak his language.

in silver, farm and grazing lands, sports-loving, famous in horse-racing, who had occupied the whole of the San Juan mountain area.

Now, due to encroachments by the white men, the unfulfilled promises by the government of an annual stipend of \$25,000 in payment for the lands they had lost—totalling in 1878 over \$65,000 in arrears—the proud Utes had reached a deplorable state of poverty and ignominy. The appointment of Agent Meeker early in 1878, the worst blow of all, destroyed the last vestige of the Utes' freedom and hope for relief.<sup>2</sup> Meeker, seeking in twelve months to transform the easy-going, proud, sports-loving tribe into hard working, self-

supporting citizens, had denied them the right to hunt, to enjoy games of prowess and other sports; he sold off their race horses and made them plow up the race track; he refused food to those who would not obey his iron-clad rule to work. He had reduced them to virtual slavery.

Outrage and revolt sparked high within the environs of the reservation. There had been many skirmishes between the Utes and the white men in the employ of the agency. Captain Jack, unable to bring about a peaceful settlement between Meeker and his indignant, oppressed people, had requested that Meeker be removed at once. Instead the agency ordered a company of soldiers under the command of Major Thornburgh<sup>3</sup> to proceed from Fort Steele, in

<sup>1</sup> Also called Chief Jack and Ute Jack, this White River Ute sub-chief should not be confused with Captain Jack of the Modocs who was hanged for the 1873 murder of Major General E. R. S. Canby. (See *Prudent Soldier: A Biography of Major General E. R. S. Canby, 1817-1873*, a new comprehensive book on this subject written by Max L. Heyman.)

<sup>2</sup> Nathan Cook Meeker was born in 1817 in Ohio and became an idealistic newspaperman, columnist and novelist who caught the attention of the great Horace Greeley. Married to the plain and pious Arvilla Delight Smith, he dreamed Utopian dreams of a cooperative farm colony in the West. With the help of Greeley, the plan crystallized in 1869 and the colony was established on a flat, waterless tract northeast of Denver. The colonists watered their farms by an ingenious system of ditches which brought snowed waters from the mountains 70 miles away. The project flourished, and the new irrigation techniques were widely copied. Hundreds of new settlers came to Colorado Territory because of this, which led to statehood in 1876. But Meeker himself, growing more stubborn and bitter with the years and a poor practitioner of his own ideas, fell into disrepute. Heavily in debt and pressed for payment by Horace Greeley's heirs, he finally landed the job of agent for the White River Ute Agency at \$1500 a year. Here seemed a new chance to execute his Utopian dreams, the raw material this time being the fun-loving Utes.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Tipton Thornburgh (spelled Thornburg in many sources) was born in 1843 in Tennessee and was raised with the cavalier manners of a Southerner with some Northern overtones. Already a strapping 6-footer at the start of the Civil War, he was too young to join the Union Army. He ran away from home and joined the Sixth Tennessee as a private, fighting with General Sheridan's men at Stone River. He received a West Point appointment in 1863, graduating twenty-sixth in his class. A tall, handsome and lithe man, he was not known as a brilliant officer but he was a conscientious and ambitious one. In 1870 he married 18-year-old Lida Clarke, daughter of Major Robert D. Clarke, Army paymaster at Omaha and a distant cousin of General Sherman. Thornburgh jumped at the chance of command at Fort Steele, located on the North Platte river 16 miles east of Rawlins, when it was offered to him in the spring of 1878 by General Crook. He was 35 years old and he and Lida had two children and expected another when he was ordered to the White River Agency to put down the revolt of the Northern Utes and met his death in ambush.



MAJOR T. T. THORNBURGH, handsome young commander at Fort Steele, C. T., died in ambush at Milk Creek near the White River Ute Agency to which he had been summoned to aid embattled Agent Meeker. Brave and conscientious, Thornburgh refused to heed the warnings of Captain Jack and his fellow Utes to desist from leading troops into the Agency.

(Colorado Hist. Soc. photo.)

southern Wyoming, to the reservation for Meeker's protection. With the arrival of the troops, army regulations and Meeker's added relentlessness, Captain Jack knew that his people would be doomed.

He stepped outside and walked along the rows of squat, log buildings. He carried himself with great dignity; his

steps were firm, quiet, unhurried. He was fully armed. There was just one thing more that he could do for his people and that was ride out and plead with Major Thornburgh not to bring his troops here.

Knocking at the various doors, he summoned as many braves as he deemed necessary. He ordered them to collect, quietly, their guns and horses. A few minutes later, a white flag unfurled on his saddle, he led them north toward the Wyoming line where, his scouts reported, the troops would be.

The blue uniforms and brass buttons of the major and his men, moving in squad formation, were easily discernible in the mid-day sun. Captain Jack, ordering his braves to retreat, unfurled the white flag and rode on.

The major advanced to meet him. The parley took place on a low, treeless knoll, clearly visible to the watch-



MRS. FLORA PRICE (left) and JOSIE MEEKER (right) were held captive by the Utes after the massacre, together with Mrs. Meeker and Mrs. Price's two young children. Josie, who had become very fond of the Utes at her father's agency was one of three daughters of the Meekers. After the tragic events in Colorado, she went to Washington and worked in the office of Henry M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior. She contracted pneumonia in the winter of 1882 and died at the age of 25. Mrs. Price, who was only 16 years old and the mother of two young children when she was captured after the Massacre, had been employed by the Meekers at the agency, where her husband served as plowman. (State

Historical Society of Colorado Photos.)

NATHAN COOK MEEKER, the murdered Indian Agent at White River, pictured about 1876, or three years before the massacre. Always a dreamer, Meeker tried to convert the Utes overnight from their fun-loving pursuits to a model colony of farmers. (State Historical Society of Colorado photo.)

ing braves. Captain Jack reported the degradation and turbulence at the reservation and told Major Thornburgh that it would be disastrous for him to continue on with his troops.

"What must I do then?" the major scoffed. "Disobey my bounden orders?"

"Yes. You must go on alone," Captain Jack advised. "You must attempt to bring about an agreement between Meeker and my angry, abused people."

The major flashed him a scathing look. "Men, proceed!" he ordered curtly, and he marched on with his troops.<sup>4</sup>

Captain Jack turned about with heavy heart and rode back to join his braves. His request denied, his parley in vain, he had failed in his mission. But his people had suffered long enough at the hands of the despotic Meeker — they should endure it no more, Captain Jack vowed, for he would end it here and now.



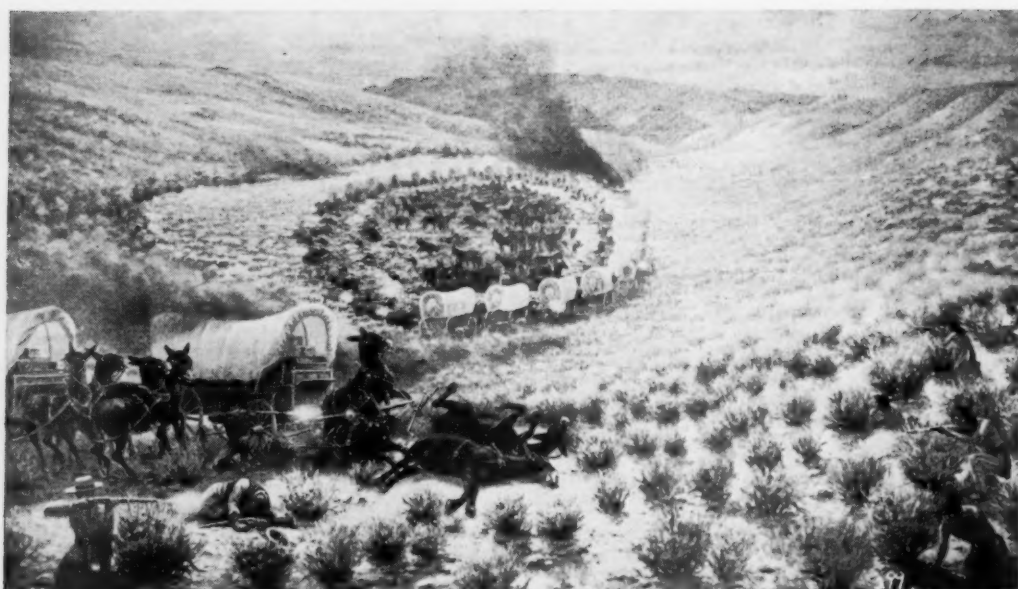
"We will prepare to ambush Major Thornburgh and his troops at Milk Creek," he told his braves.

Milk Creek ran near the northern border of the reservation where Captain Jack correctly calculated the major and troops would stop to water their horses.

At his signal, his braves, well-armed and skilled in sweeping combat, sprang upon the troops in a surprise attack, nearly surrounding them. During the fusillade the major and thirteen of his men were killed. Those remaining dashed madly for the wagon train which followed in the rear. Hastily making a breastwork of the wagons, they prepared to stand siege but were hopelessly outnumbered. A truce came quickly.

<sup>4</sup> LeRoy R. Hafen, in his *Colorado: The Story of a Western Commonwealth*, describes the incident this way: "While on the march to the agency Thornburg was met by Captain Jack, chief leader of the Northern Utes, who urged him not to bring his soldiers on to the reservation but to go to the agency himself and attempt to fix up matters. Thornburg replied that his orders were to march to the agency and he must go."

ARVILLA DELIGHT MEEKER, the pious little woman who married Nathan Meeker in 1844 and who was held captive for 23 days by the Utes who had killed her husband in the massacre of September, 1879. Upon her release, Mrs. Meeker said: "For myself I don't care. Mr. Meeker is gone. I have nothing to live for. I am sixty-four years old . . . an old lady, you might say." (State Historical Society of Colorado photo.)



THORNBURGH BATTLE, showing the ringed wagons and the sniping Utes under Captain Jack, is depicted in this painting by Robert Lindneux, Denver artist. Major Thornburgh was killed in the first few minutes of disorganized battle, along with 15 of his men. This painting shows the supply train wagons assembled for the siege, which lasted three days and which was lifted only when General Wesley Merritt arrived from Fort Rawlins with fresh troops.

(State Historical Society of Colorado photo.)

Captain Jack and his braves hurried back to the reservation. At Meeker's headquarters Captain Jack demanded that the agent resign at once. Meeker refused. Captain Jack, enraged and unwilling to concede on any terms, drew his revolver and shot Meeker in cold blood. Thereupon the entire tribe of Utes went into violent reaction; the explosion of gunfire shook the place from one end to the other. Many Utes were killed along with eleven more white men. An outbreak followed during which Meeker's wife and daughter, Josie, together with Mrs. Flora Price and her two small children, taken captives, were carried north by the warring Utes under Captain Jack's command.

Terrified settlers, fleeing the ravages of the Redmen, flocked into Rawlins; the town overflowed with men, women and children, horses and rigs of every description. A snow storm, breaking early in the mountains, added to the harrowing suspense. Curtained by snow, the Utes could slip in noiselessly and unseen. The street was tense with

huddled bodies seeking warmth from the leaping flames of campfires, with anxious faces and ears strained to the slightest sound, with Winchesters loaded and tested.

By this time word of the atrocities at White River reservation had sped out by wire to a stunned and indignant world. From every nearby fort reinforcements were dispatched to capture the murdering Utes and rescue the captive women.<sup>5</sup>

The search seemed destined to failure. Snow obliterated all traces of the Indians' trail; the country was rugged and mountainous, providing numerous places for the Utes to hide, to escape capture, to ambush the soldiers. Finally, at the end of six to eight days, Meeker's wife

<sup>5</sup> Whatever the provocation in the minds of the Utes at the Agency, they committed atrocities against Meeker and his murdered staff, and indignities against the women they captured. Marshall Sprague, in *Massacre: The Tragedy at White River*, describes the finding of Meeker's body in these words: "A hundred yards further on, the soldiers came upon the nude and battered body of the dead Agent, a bullet hole in his head. Around his neck someone had put a heavy logging chain, so that a Ute pony could drag the dead body about the compound in simulation of the way Utes imagined themselves being dragged off to Indian Territory. A stave from an Agency flour barrel had been jammed down Meeker's throat."





THE MEEKER MASSACRE is pictured in this early, fanciful drawing, showing the abduction of Mrs. Meeker, her daughter, Josie, and others and the murder of Nathan Meeker and his Agency staff. In the center of the painting, a Ute is about to drive an object (possibly a barrel stave) into Meeker's mouth. (State Historical Society of Colorado photo.)

and daughter and Mrs. Price and her children were found safe and well. The Utes were rounded up and herded back to the reservation.<sup>6</sup>

Captain Jack, cleverly and completely eluding his captors, had escaped. Making certain there was no sign of him anywhere, he reached his Arapahoe friends on the Little Wind River. For his capture, dead or alive, the government offered a \$500 reward.

Captain Jack stayed on Little Wind River that winter. Sometimes he ventured as far as the vast, uninviting Red Desert on a hunting trip but mostly he restricted his activities to the small quarters of his camp and tepee. All this time his heart lay like a stone in his breast; an outcast and fugitive, he knew that he could never return to his people and reign as their chief.

<sup>6</sup> In spite of the public outcry against all the Utes, including those not involved in the Thornburgh battle and the Meeker massacre, no official punishment was ever exacted. But the result was the banishment of the Utes from their Colorado homes to the bleak Uintah Reservation in Utah, in 1880. This was the year when the great Chief Ouray died of Bright's Disease at the age of 47, sad because his people had to move; but aware that the tragedy at least had marked the beginning of the end of some of the indefensible attitudes and actions of white men toward Indians.

The Arapahoes were good to him. He was a great favorite among the young braves. Admiring his leadership and splendid physique, they collected about him wherever he went. As their friendship increased, they agitated breaking away from the reservation and setting up a tribe of their own far to the north.

When spring came Captin Jack, aware that the young braves would soon be out of his control, saw himself in jeopardy, unless he was able to handle them. To do this, he agreed to go along with them in their plan, yet carefully avoided an actual outbreak.

By Fall, 1880, he was so deeply involved his only recourse was to pull up stakes and head for a new refuge. He had by this time acquired a number of horses and other possessions. He selected a few of the most loyal braves and squaws and with them started north; he intended to keep moving until they had reached an area far beyond those who sought to capture him.

At the end of three grey, blustery days, he and his party reached Muskrat Creek whose headwaters sprang



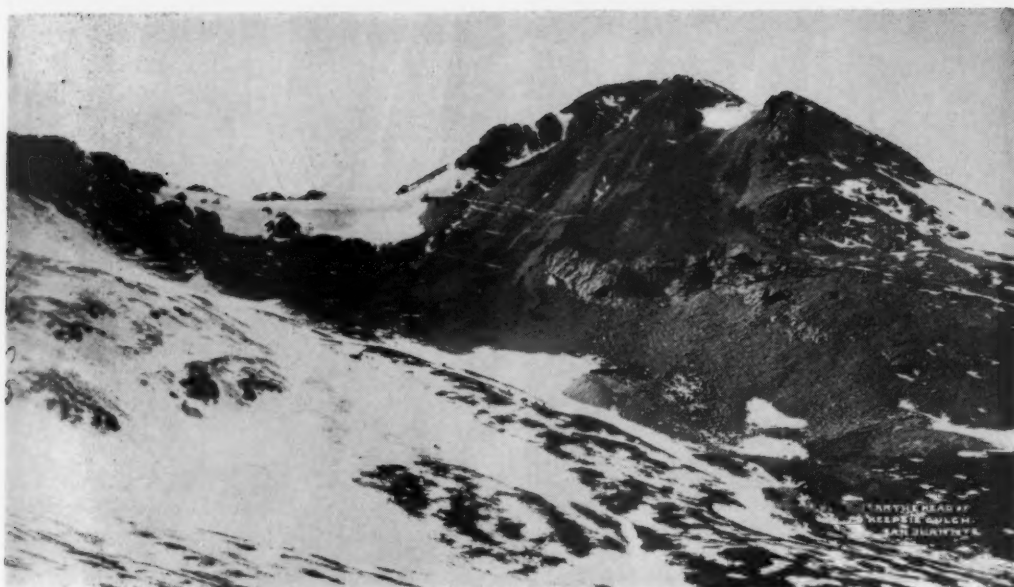
CHIEF OURAY, his subchiefs including Captain Jack, and their white friends are pictured in Washington, D. C. in this important photograph said to have been taken in 1874, five years before the Meeker Massacre shattered the peace that Ouray tried so hard to achieve. The Utes on this occasion were treated to another tour of inspection of the splendors of Washington, remaining singularly unimpressed. From left to right, front row are: Subchief Guero; Chipeta, the wife of Ouray; Chief Ouray; and the unstable subchief Piash, who committed suicide in 1888. In the second row are the white men most sympathetic to Ute Indians in their dealings with Washington officialdom. Left to right are: Uriah Martin Curtis, who had lived among the Indians for many years, spoke the language perfectly and who longed to become their official Agent; Major James B. Thompson, brother-in-law of Colorado Territorial Governor Edward M. McCook who appointed him Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs; Agent Charles A. Adams, whose real name was Carl Schwanbeck, credited with rescuing the Meeker women and other white prisoners from bondage after the Meeker Massacre; and Otto Mears, diminutive capitalist who became official Ute trader at Los Pinos Agency and through canny relations with the Utes held a virtual monopoly on trade in the ore-rich San Juan country. In the third row, left to right, are Ute subchiefs: Washington, a Muache Ute; Susan, the sister of Chief Ouray; Johnson, who was a Yampa Ute and the husband of Susan; Captain Jack, and the Ute John. (Courtesy the Library, Colorado Historical Society.)

amid the foothills of the Big Horns and flowed southward toward the Sweetwater. There he encountered another camp outfit—a cattleman with four cowboys and cook. The cook had built a big, blazing fire and had begun to prepare supper when Captain Jack, advancing with one of his young braves, stopped to look over the situation.

The cattleman, young, tall, slender and pleasant-faced, greeted him without the slightest show of curiosity or suspicion. Captain Jack, feeling that he

was among friends, told him that he had three tepees coming up and asked if they might camp there that night.

The cattleman replied that they might. The cattleman, foreman of the 71 ranch on the Sweetwater, eastern-bred, whose name was Cap Haskell, could speak Arapahoe. He was, he revealed, a close friend of the grand old chief, Washakie. His business on Muskrat Creek was to search for eighteen head of saddle horses which he had lost while loading out a trainload of



SAN JUAN MOUNTAINS of Colorado, a part of the rich territory which Chief Ouray ceded to the white men in 1873, is shown in this significant, early W. H. Jackson photograph. Pushed from the Salt Lake Basin by the Mormons in 1850, the Utes were happy in this beautiful land, until they were forced out by gold and silver seekers.  
(Photo from the Library, State Historical Society of Colorado.)

beeves during a heavy snowstorm at Green River. He asked Captain Jack if he had seen any sign of the horses while traveling about.

Captain Jack turned to the young brave who nodded and said he had seen a herd of horses about eight miles from there. He described each horse in sign language until Cap was convinced that the horses were his. Captain Jack then said, "I will send this young brave to show you where the horses are if you will give us six cups of sugar, six cups of coffee and six cups of flour." Cap agreed.

Cap and the young brave rode out, found the horses and returned. The settlement for the provisions Captain Jack had requested was made.

Meantime the three tepees had arrived and had been set up a short distance from the campfire.

Cap invited Captain Jack and his party to have supper with him and his men.

During the meal Captain Jack, aware of the price on his head, carefully avoided tasting the food until his host

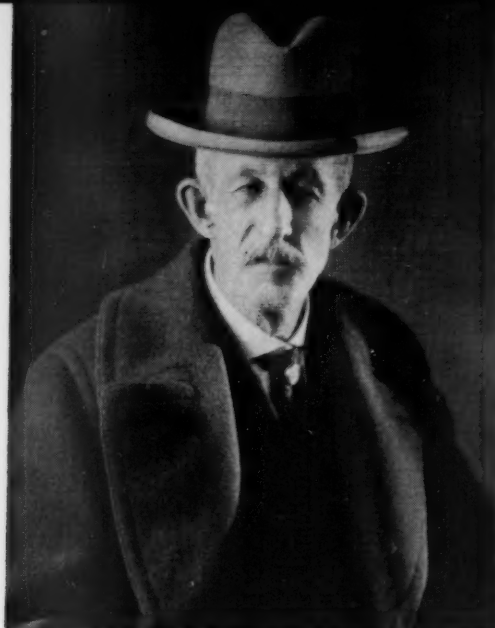
had partaken first. He asked the cattleman about the country north of there and prospects of hunting in the Big Horns. He was told that the Texas Trail ran north into Montana.

When supper was over Captain Jack retired to his tepee.

Shortly four soldiers rode in—a lieutenant and three enlisted men. From inside his tent Captain Jack could hear the lieutenant talking to the cattleman. He heard him say that the tall Indian who spoke good English was the long-wanted fugitive who had murdered Nathan Meeker. He reached for his Winchester, drew the pin and cocked the trigger.

Listening acutely at the tepee's flap, he heard the lieutenant say that he and his men were the advance guard of a full battalion, sent by the commander at Fort Washakie to capture the former Ute chief, dead or alive. His finger moved lightly to the trigger of his Winchester.

The lieutenant ordered the three soldiers to go into the tepee and tell him to surrender. As they entered, Captain



CAP HASKELL, prominent early Colorado cattleman who left his comprehensive journal of frontier activities between 1877 and 1884, (including the story of how he witnessed the death of Captain Jack) is pictured (left) in 1927, six years before his death. He was 67 years of age when this picture was taken in North Platte, Neb. Haskell at 19 years of age is shown (right) in 1879, a year before he recorded details of the death of Captain Jack in his journal.

Jack fired point blank. Two of the soldiers were killed outright; the third fled for his life.<sup>7</sup>

Captain Jack, unmoved, watched the soldier and lieutenant ride away. Around the cattleman's camp he saw signs of consternation and unrest. He called to his braves and ordered them to remove the bodies of the two soldiers he had killed.

"Cover them with blankets," he added gravely, providing two of his own.

It was dark outside now and he had no light in his tepee. He sat down and lighted his pipe. His Winchester lay beside him on the pile of buffalo skins and blankets. His face was stoical, his eyes expressionless. He thought of hunting in the Big Horns and of the country known as Montana.

Suddenly there came the sound of horses' hoofs. He lifted his head and bent his ear toward the closed flap of

the tepee. The sound came nearer accompanied by the heavy rolling wheels of the artillery. Captain Jack didn't move.

The cannon was backed up to his tepee.

"Come out, Captain Jack," the officer-in-charge shouted, "or we will open fire!"

Captain Jack took his pipe from his mouth and dumped the ashes on the ground; his hands were tense, his body rigid as stone. He didn't move again.

Outside there was a sharp pause as the officer waited for Captain Jack to appear. Captain Jack's hand rested lightly on his knee.

The next moment the officer barked, "Ready, fire!"

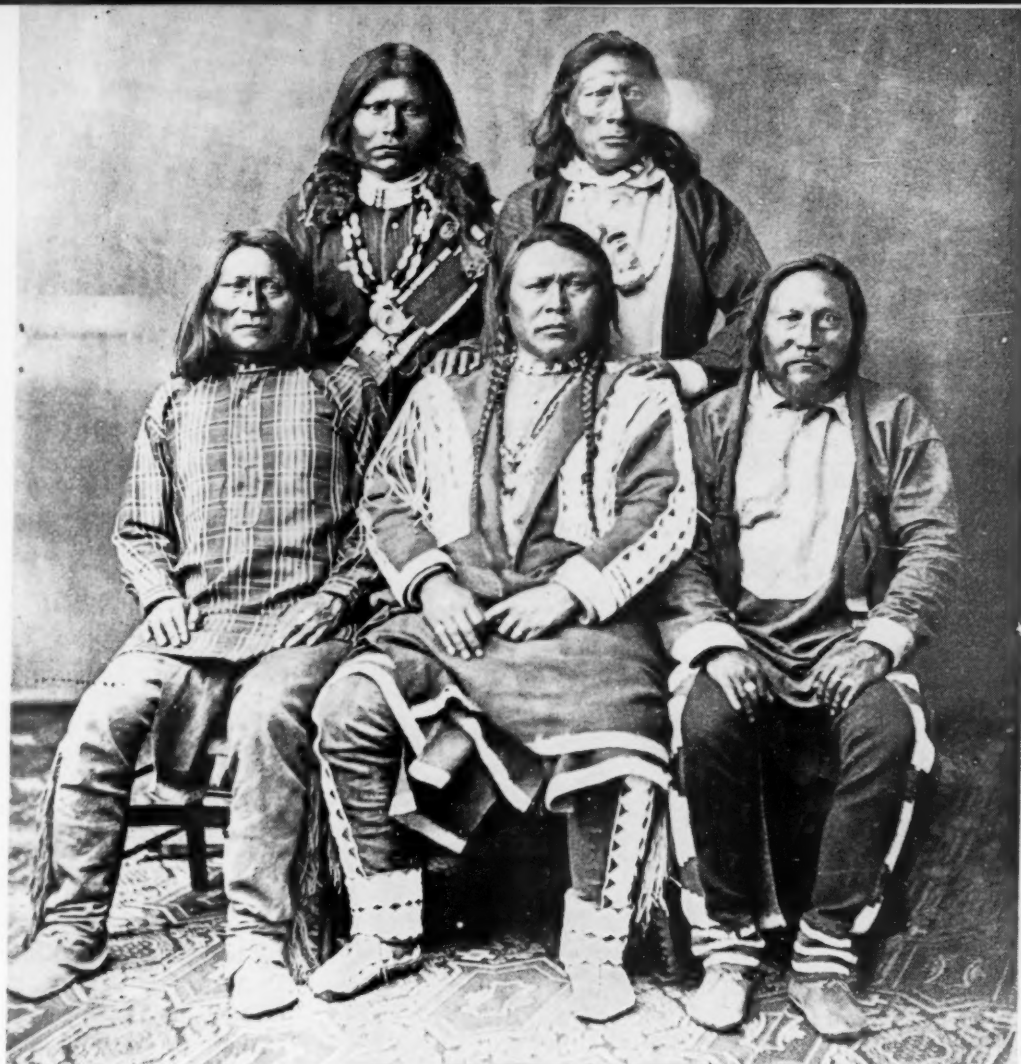
The cannon roared. The big shell tore through the tepee, shattering it to smithereens.<sup>8</sup>

When the smoke and noise had cleared away the young braves, shouting, "Boo! Hoo! Snort! Bang!," ran around the area where the tepee had stood, pretending to pick up the pieces of Captain Jack, for there was nothing left of the once proud, stalwart Ute chief.

<sup>7</sup> According to some sources, the commander at Fort Washakie, Major J. W. Mason, sent Lieutenant George Morgan, Sergeant Casey and five privates to a nearby Indian village to arrest Captain Jack for "horse theft." The soldiers met Jack, with rifle in hand, near his tepee. When surrender of his rifle was demanded, Jack shot and killed Sergeant Brady; then immediately dodged into his tepee. (*Reminiscences of Frontier Days*, Rankin.)

<sup>8</sup> The order to kill Captain Jack with the howitzer apparently came from Major Mason, Fort Washakie commander summoned to the scene after the death of Sergeant Brady. These are the Major's words: "Upon learning the condition of affairs, I caused a shell from a mountain howitzer to be fired into the tepee in which Ute Jack was, killing him." (Marshall Sprague, *Massacre: The Tragedy at White River*.)





### OURAY: MAN OF PEACE AND COMPROMISE

No man tried more valiantly to bring peace between the Indians and the intruding whites than the remarkable Ute Chief, Ouray. Frustrated by self-seeking white officials and his own Utes who split into hostile bands under subchiefs, Ouray spent more than 20 years trying to bring compromise and peace. His own people accused him of duplicity when he and his attractive wife, Chipeta, accepted the white man's way of life and tried to act as a bridge between the free and easy tribal ways and the imposed will of men like Nathan Meeker and their "civilization."

Chief Ouray and four of his subchiefs are pictured above on another peace mission to Washington. This photo, taken by W. H. Jackson and reproduced from the files of the State Historical Society of Colorado, shows a strained Ouray, suffering from illness with Bright's Disease, from which he succumbed Aug. 24, 1880, at the age of only 47.

In his book "Massacre: The Tragedy at White River," Marshall Sprague appraised the sum total of Chief Ouray's peace efforts: "The triumph over the Utes was an old story, but with the difference that it brought an end to many injustices. Ouray knew that the year 1880 marked a turning point. Because of his own efforts and those of men like Carl Schurz and Charles Adams, white Americans could continue their shameful ways no longer. Neither could they ignore their immense debt to the American Indian. The old rattle-headed scorn would wane. Henceforth, they would be more just—and more grateful to the red man for revealing to them the most fruitful empire on earth, for tempering their restless materialism and their self-centered illusion that the planet revolved for their benefit, for teaching them humility in the presence of nature and for passing on unique skills for its enjoyment and use."



## Dishno of the Big Hole Valley

As Silas Dishno entered the third year of his second century of life, he enjoyed a dance with Mrs. J. T. Walford, one of the guests at his Jan. 6 birthday party in Missoula. His recollections of ranching in the lush Big Hole Valley are recounted here.

(Photo by John A. Forssen.)

# Now A Spry 102-Year-Old Missoulian, Silas Spent Years Husbanding The Lush Grasses of The Big Hole Valley

by Grace Roffey Pratt

FOLKS NO longer refer to him as "Dishno of the Big Hole," for Silas C. Dishno doesn't live there now. For more than a quarter century, other men have ridden the horses, put up the hay and handled the cattle on the big ranch in that historic Southwestern Montana ranch area.<sup>1</sup> Yet in a way it is still his. Every detail of life in the Big Hole—the house he built, the fences he put up, the ditches he dug, the cattle drives over both dusty and frozen trails, the long rides in the caboose of stock trains—are all as clear in his mind now as they were in the days when he and his family lived and worked on the ranch. And this year, on January 6, Silas Dishno became 102 years young.

He has lived in Missoula since 1944, going there soon after the death of his oldest son, Fred, to make a home with Mamie, Fred's widow. Since Silas was only 86 then, he did the gardening, mowed the lawn, shovelled snow and took long trips to visit a son in California, a daughter in Oregon, and other relatives and friends.

Silas Dishno was almost a tiger in his 80's, frequently returning to the Big Hole and doing his share of the ranch work. When he was in his 90's he painted the house in Missoula, and one day when he was in this same decade of his long life, Mamie came home to find him gone. A neighbor said he had gone to the hospital. Somewhat frantic, Mamie called up and found that he had

made all necessary arrangements for surgery. He came through the operation nicely and in a few days, without warning, he came walking home. Silas grumbled a little about a man not being able to go and have a little carving done without someone making a big fuss about it.

Silas Dishno is one of the Old West's few living pioneers. Born in Essex, N. Y. on January 6, 1858, he came with his father, Charles, to the dying gold camp of Bannack, M. T., in June, 1879. He was 21 years old. During his first decade in the West, Silas worked at many jobs. He burned charcoal for silver smelters, did furnace work, took logging contracts, freighted ore and other supplies, and did considerable rawhiding.<sup>2</sup>

Grace Roffey Pratt, born in a log cabin in Lemhi County, Idaho, spent a good deal of her childhood in Montana. Her family moved from Idaho to Missoula in a covered wagon, and on the way they spent a night at the Dishno ranch in the Big Hole Basin. That led to a lifetime friendship with the family of Silas Dishno, whose remarkably long life she chronicles here.

A busy amateur writer, Mrs. Pratt won considerable attention with a poem called *Portrait of Ee-dah-how* (Idaho). She says: "Except when I receive inspiration for a poem, I usually prefer to write the historical article. Even most of my fiction is more fact than otherwise." She is currently at work on a juvenile novel, the story of a young boy in the early days of the Lemhi Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, the parents of four and the grandparents of seven, live on a small farm near Coeur d'Alene.

<sup>1</sup> This high, cold and beautiful valley in Montana's extreme Southwestern corner, was explored and described by Lewis and Clark, but was one of the last regions of Montana to be settled. Just south of this lush mountain meadow, on Grasshopper Creek, a tributary of the Beaverhead, occurred the gold strike which resulted in the frenzied building of Bannack City in the Summer of 1862. This was the opening wedge in the creation of Montana Territory and the frenetic, fabulous mining frontier era which speedily followed—paving the way for Statehood more than a quarter century later. It was in the Big Hole Basin that Chief Joseph and his Nez Perce met Colonel John Gibbon at the junction of Ruby and Trail Creeks. Joseph set fire to the defense line of the soldiers, and had not the wind changed, Gibbon's command may have been routed. As it was, the skillful Joseph withdrew and left Colonel Gibbon with 31 dead and 38 wounded, and the Big Hole settlers with the worst fright they would ever have. (For more detail see "Montana Minutemen," this issue.)

<sup>2</sup> According to Ramon F. Adams' *Western Words, A Dictionary of the Range, Cow Camp and Trail*, a rawhider was "a class of early-day movers who traveled from one section of the West to another. Their outstanding characteristic was always having their wagons full of cowhides, which they cut into strips, and they used the whangs for every known purpose. The term was sometimes used with reference to the operator of a small cattle ranch."

He was an early U. S. Postmaster at Bannister, a town some 20 miles across the Montana line, in Idaho's Lemhi County.<sup>3</sup> He was also express agent and mining recorder of the Texas Mining District of Idaho Territory. Silas made a reasonable success of almost everything he attempted. He was never afraid of hard work and he had a real knack of "getting along"—a knack he still retains. At his 102nd birthday party in January he greeted every guest by name.

Dishno's early frontier jobs, often temporary, required moving from place to place and sometimes meant weeks of separation from his wife, Melinda, and their young children. He longed for something more permanent. The opportunity finally came when he was offered a squatter's right of 160 acres of land across the Montana border in Lemhi County, Idaho. He cut poles and put up fencing for a neighbor, taking his pay in a cow and calf, and ten yearling heifers. Silas was now in the cattle business, and he had found his niche.

At that time, few people put up hay for their stock. In winter, horses not in use ran loose on the range and pawed the snow from the dried bunch grass, and, except for the old or sick, usually survived. Cattle, which lack the same ability to paw for grass, were brought in from the range and turned into the fields, but they had to forage for their feed nevertheless. When the wind blew the snow from a patch of ground they ate the grass; when it didn't, they browsed on the brush and willows along the creek banks. The strong stock pulled through the winter; the weak died in the storms. When the carcasses thawed in the Spring they were skinned, the hides strung along the fences to await the hide buyers. Thus the dead critters were not a complete loss. But

the suffering of the animals was horrible, and to Silas Dishno it represented "mighty poor management."

From the beginning, Silas put up hay and fed his stock. He had few losses and consequently the little ranch in Idaho was soon too small for the growing herd. Summer pasture on open range was still plentiful, but hay land was always in demand for winter feed. Dishno sold the ranch and went in with his father on a larger place. But soon it, too, was inadequate. While waiting for a ranch suitable for his needs, Silas operated a dairy of 35 cows, early for the period. It brought in money, but since the cream had to be hand separated from the milk and butter had to be churned and pounded down into cans for market, it was endless hard work. The only labor saver was a waterwheel to run the churn, but this didn't shorten the long days.

It was after the Fourth of July in 1895 that Silas' brother-in-law, George Plum, who had been working in the Big Hole Basin, brought him word that B. O. Fournier, near the present town of Jackson,<sup>4</sup> had an 120 acre timber claim and a 160 homestead relinquishment with house and barn, rake and mowing machine, plus 2,000 poles, all for \$450. That sounded good to Silas. He asked his father to go over and look at it. The elder Dishno speedily made the more-than-200-mile trip on horseback. When he reported favorably and Melinda approved, the deal was closed.

Silas arranged with George Plum to take over the dairy until fall. (At that time dairies operated only from May until October.) He rigged up a four horse outfit for moving. Into the wagon box went just enough furniture, bedding and other equipment to get along with for awhile. Somehow they found room for Melinda, Edward, the second

<sup>3</sup> Located along the eastern edge of central Idaho, the county was named for Limhi, a character in the Book of Mormon. The Mormons were sent from Utah to colonize the valley in 1855. They built Fort Lemhi, irrigated on a small scale, and were prosperous until driven out by Indians three years later. Remnants of the old fort remain, and one of the irrigation ditches is still in use. Later, when gold was discovered in this region, a stampede settled it, but today there is little save a few ranches and ghost towns.—*Idaho: A Guide in Word and Picture*.

<sup>4</sup> The little town of Jackson is the site of what is believed to be the first hot spring mentioned in Western history. Capt. Clark and his men had noon lunch there on July 7, 1806, and called it "Hot Spring Valley." Clark said in his journals that this was one of the most beautiful valleys he had ever seen, and told of the large number of fur-bearing animals and the splendid grasses which covered the plains.

<sup>5</sup> The Dishno family probably crossed the Beaverhead Mountains through Lemhi Pass, following the old Hudson's Bay Route of John Work, thence up the return route of Captain Clark through the heart of the Big Hole Valley.





Haying operations on the Dishno ranch in the Big Hole Basin near Jackson are pictured here at about the turn of the century. The lush native grasses of the valley, combined with timothy and red top, produced feed so nutritious that Dishno and others were able to compete with the country's best feed lots in fattening and marketing cattle.

son, and the two little girls, Minnie (eight) and Laura (six). Thirteen-year-old Fred stayed behind to help his uncle with the milking.

The trip took several days of jolting travel over rough roads<sup>5</sup> but they arrived at the old Fournier ranch at noon on July 25, 1895, less than three weeks from the time Silas first heard that the place was for sale. Ambitiously, he did some horseshoeing that same afternoon. The next morning the family moved on to their own ranch, somehow got settled and even started haying. Neighbor Fournier hospitably furnished a hired hand and with the help of 11-year-old Edward, whose job it was to stomp the hay down into the basket rack and on the stack, the men worked like Trojans to put up 140 tons of hay in the

first 28 days, doing all the pitching and stacking by hand. In 1896, Silas put up a large two pole derrick that lifted the hay from the rack to the stack, making haying both quicker and easier.<sup>6</sup>

Before bringing their cattle into the Big Hole that fall, they sold off all the spring calves and coming yearlings (for \$10 per head) in order to have enough hay to bring the others—about 100 head—through the winter. They just made it with none to spare. Silas still had to buy a ton of hay from Fournier for his favorite stallion.

Since the elevation of the upper Big Hole Basin is between 6,000 and 7,000 feet, it seldom fails to frost every month of the year. It is a land for only the hardy, whether it be plant, beast or human. In the early morning of July 1, 1896, it snowed 16 inches, Silas methodically measuring the depth with a rule. By noon, however, the sun had melted the snow and the runoff raised the creeks full to the banks. Since it had been a rather dry spring, the extra water was welcomed. Three days later

<sup>5</sup> A. J. Noyes, the first permanent resident of the Big Hole, wrote the following about haying operations for the *Anaconda Standard*, Feb. 20, 1916: "Hay is cut at just the right time and cured as well as can be, according to the season. It is stacked by means of bull-rakes or sleds, and hoisted by power to the stack. These stacks sometimes contain as many as 250 to 300 tons of hay. They are fenced so the stock cannot destroy them and wait for the season to come for getting best results. A winter that is a little cool is the kind that the ranchman likes, as it seems to give the cattle good appetites."



Silas and Melinda Dishno posed with their two sons, Fred and Edward, for this picture, taken in Anaconda in 1884. Fred, seated on his father's lap, was killed in an accident in 1944. It is with his widow, Mamie Dishno, that the 102-year-old Silas now makes his home in Missoula. Edward, a resident of Orange Grove, Calif., died last summer.

the Dishnos attended an early Independence Day celebration at Wisdom.<sup>7</sup> In the afternoon horse and foot races were run along a strip of road at the edge of town; spectators sitting on the pole fences with their fur coats (mostly made of cowhides) buttoned up around their throats.

<sup>7</sup> Wisdom, located in northern Beaverhead County in the Big Hole River Valley, got its name from Lewis and Clark, too. When the explorers came to the forks of the Jefferson in 1805, they called the right hand fork Wisdom river, since it appeared to offer a better route. They found, however, after they had made an examination that it was too full of rocks and rapids, so they followed the Beaverhead instead. The postoffice at Wisdom was established in 1884, with the help of Congressman Martin Maginnis. A. J. Noyes described the town in 1916: "Wisdom is not a bad little place after all. It has a church, bank, several stores, hotel, etc., a fine \$14,000 brick schoolhouse and several hundred contented people, where Jack Hick's cabin stood 33 years ago."

<sup>8</sup> Historic Dillon, county seat of Beaverhead County, was named for Sidney Dillon, president of the Union Pacific Railway. It is one of the largest wool-shipping points in Montana, and is the site of Western Montana College of Education. The position of the town, amid low, lazy and rather arid hills, was determined by accident. Construction of the Utah and Northern Railway was suddenly brought to a standstill in 1880, when a rancher refused to give up land for the right-of-way. A few enterprising men engaged in business at or near the terminus banded together, bought the ranch, and gave the railroad company the right to go through. They continued their partnership by executing a trust deed, recorded Dec. 4, 1880, which marked the birth of Dillon. Lambert Eliel, trustee for the group, granted title to town lots, which were sold at public auction. The new town became county seat when voters decided that the old Territorial capitol, Bannack, was too far off the beaten track.—*Montana State Guide Book*.

But in spite of its severe climate—and Silas well remembers one time when the thermometer dipped to 73 below zero—the Dishnos loved the Big Hole country. Although sparsely settled, the neighbors were friendly and helpful. There was a good country school at Fox, only a mile and half from the ranch house. The four young Dishnos rode to school in a two-seater rig in the spring and fall and in a one-horse sleigh in winter. When possible, they even attended old St. Rose Catholic church in Dillon, a trip of more than 50 miles.<sup>8</sup>

Yet living this far from even a modest-sized town did not mean a lack of good times. The cold winters made perfect ice for skating. Dances were held at the little mail-stops of Fox, Jackson and Wisdom. What was a three- or four-hour ride in an open wagon or sleigh at below zero weather when it meant a night of waltz quadrilles, a two step or so and four hands half? "One must expect to pay a little for so much fun," Silas later recounted.

In summer there were neighborhood picnics. As early as nine in the morning, folks who had driven 10, 20, or even 30 miles in surrey or buckboard would begin to arrive at the favored picnic grove. Some young fellow would shinny up a big cottonwood tree and fasten a long stout rope in place for a swing. There would be squeals and shrieks of hearty laughter as the boys pushed the girls high above their heads and the girls tried, not always successfully, to keep their long, full skirts in ladylike, modest position. At noon, spotless table cloths spread on the grass were weighed down with fresh bread and butter, whole baked hams, stacks of succulent fried chicken, a gross of pickled eggs, thick custard pies and all the favorite cakes. There were gallons of coffee made in a wash boiler along with water and pails of lemonade and

huge freezers of home made ice cream, frozen with Big Hole ice harvested the past winter.

Women visited endlessly with their little-seen neighbors, gossiped and looked after their babies; little girls picked flowers; and little boys fished for huge trout, easily caught with nothing more than bent pins. There were games and races, horseshoe pitching and even baseball.<sup>9</sup> In the late afternoon everyone had a hearty second meal before going home to do the ever-present chores.

The Dishno children, Silas remembers, enjoyed the usual pets of dogs, cats and even the frequent hen. Chickens used to come in through the kitchen, walk nonchalantly through the living room, hop up on the piano and walk down the length of keys playing a little tune, fly across to a bedroom, lay an egg in one of the beds and then come back across the piano keys playing her little tune before leaving for the out of doors.

Horseback riding was too much a necessity to be thought of as a pleasure but Silas always owned fine horses, and everyone rode. Hunting and fishing were excellent.

Best of all, the Big Hole offered a prime opportunity to earn a good living. The Dishnos now milked no cows except for their own use. The land and hay was ideal for stock cattle. They were fattened, ready for market on nothing at all but good home grown hay. The hay was usually a mixture of clover and timothy, red top and native grasses.<sup>10</sup> Melinda soon filed on a 320 acre desert claim and Silas filed on another 120. That, when fenced all in one piece, made a nice starting ranch of 760 acres with a valuable 800-inch water right. They were soon joined by Silas' father and mother, each of whom also took up desert claims adjoining their son's land.

<sup>9</sup> Silas Dishno is still a baseball fan, according to an account of his 102nd birthday party written for the *Daily Missoulian*, Jan. 10, 1960, by John A. Forsen. He told the reporter about the time he and his neighbors got together an overall-clad team and took on the Dillon town team, "resplendent in new uniforms." Silas continued: "We beat them 17 to 0. I pitched. I didn't have much stuff on the ball, but I had speed."

Silas later leased a school section for \$40.00 per year. He fenced it, took out a water right, and put about half of it into timothy and clover. It cuts a nice crop of hay to this day, he says. He eventually bought out several of his neighbors, parcels of land of 320 each, and as soon as the boys were old enough they took up their desert rights, too. Gradually it metamorphosed into a famous "spread."

Then the Dishno Livestock Company was formed with Silas recorded on official records as manager. The well-known brand was a simple C, on the left ribs, Charles Dishno having registered the brand back in 1881. Counting the rented land, there were around 4,000 acres with all necessary equipment. On one side it was joined by lush forest reserve summer range for four miles. Since much of the land was more valuable for pasture than hay, Silas divided it into nine large pastures with plenty of water in each. One year he pastured 2,000 ewes with their lambs, 360 head of cattle and 200 horses without going on to the forestry reserve at all.<sup>11</sup>

In 1900 the Dishnos proudly built a sturdy, attractive ten room house which is still in use today. Built of logs and covered with clapboards, it was designed to be cool in summer, warm in winter and to survive the rigors of time.

By now three hired men were kept the year around with plenty of others added in the summer when they were needed. The average ranch-help's wage was \$40 with board and bunk included. There was always plenty to do, from the backbreaking task of winter feeding, branding of the little red Shorthorn calves in the spring to the haying in

<sup>10</sup> The Big Hole Valley early became known as the valley of "ten thousand haystacks" and up to 125 varieties of unusually nutritious grasses and forage plants have been identified in the region. By mixing timothy and red top with the abundant and rich native grasses, careful ranchers can fatten cattle the year around with results comparable to the best feed lots in the country.

<sup>11</sup> A. J. Noyes, writing in the *Anaconda Standard* Feb. 20, 1916, said: "While the first men to attempt sheep raising in the Big Hole quit early in the game, it has been proved that they can be made to pay, even though they are fed for months. The lambs are large, the wool is fine, clean, and has no broken staple. The prices for wool are generally a little better than that raised in any other place in Montana . . . The Big Hole horse has proved his worth in many places; he has fairly good feet and great lung power." Yet the Big Hole has always been too supreme as cattle country to justify any other dominant use. [Ed.]



summer. One year the Dishnos put up 2,500 tons of hay! It was a satisfying life and as the business grew it was no longer confined to the ranch.

In building up his own spread, Silas Dishno made many contacts with well-known regional cattlemen and buyers as well as those living within the Basin. He discovered that there were good profits in buying and selling livestock and that people were glad to have someone they could depend on to do a lot of the handling for them. In the early part of this century he started operating in Idaho, down into Utah and Arizona, and even as far away as Texas to buy up feeders; mostly young steers that would make fast gains in five or six months on the rich Big Hole hay.

Silas and one of his sons would ride to the little rail siding of Red Rock,<sup>12</sup> leave their horses, and take the train to the distant places where they were going to buy up cattle. When they secured all the stock they felt they could handle, they would ship by rail to Red Rock, then trail the critters into the Big Hole. Sometimes it was not an easy matter to get stubborn or frightened steers to start out on a strange trail. One day, Silas remembers that he and his boy were having difficulty getting the herd on the way, when a young Indian who seemed to have little to do, rode up. Silas asked if he would lend a hand. The Red boy soon proved that neither he nor his pony were strangers to the work of a cowboy. After the steers were well lined out on the trail, the Indian stopped. Silas rode up and asked him to go all the way, offering the regular wage. The Indian shook his head: "Me in big hurry. Me go now."

At the ranch many surplus steers were now sold to Silas' neighbors, who fattened them up during the winter and sold them back to him in the spring. During his cattle buying forays Silas

acquired a great amount of knowledge of western range conditions, markets and the quality of beef stock in all the key cattle states. He learned what to buy, when, and the best price he could afford to pay at the moment.

Later, as he expanded operations, Silas Dishno had others, whose judgment he could trust, do buying for him. One man, with whom he did much business, was Joe Comesille of Blackfoot, Idaho. Joe would buy up a herd of from 2,000 to 3,000 steers and bring them all the way into the ranch. Silas would have buyers all lined up and ready, the prices having already been agreed upon. One year they sold 5,000 head that way in two shipments. In the spring Silas bought many of these same cattle back and then shipped to such markets as Denver, Chicago, Kansas City and Spokane at an additional profit. But the greater part of all Dishno steers went to the Farmers' Commission Company in Portland and to Fry, Bruan Co. in Seattle.<sup>13</sup>

Early in the spring of 1906, the cattle market dropped sharply. Many ranchers in need of cash sold their steers for \$3.80 cwt. with 4 per cent shrinkage at the ranch. Billy and Louis Deegan and Charley Means, buyers from Denver, who had contracted for 800 head of cattle from Silas' neighbors, were afraid to ship since the drop in prices would surely lose them money. Although Silas had 600 of his own choice stock ready for market, he went to work and received an offer from Fry, Bruan for \$5.00 per cwt., weighed off the cars at Seattle. He was able to persuade them to take the 800 head that had been earmarked for Denver, too.

<sup>12</sup> Red Rock, a railhead on the U. P., was so named because of the predominant red of the rocks throughout the valley, located along Montana's southwestern border. It is less than 40 miles from Monida Pass, the barely perceptible Continental Divide between Idaho and Montana. The Red Rock Valley is a broad sweep of irrigated hayland, another of the prime ranch areas of the Treasure State.

<sup>13</sup> A. J. Noyes recalled that Charles Fry of Seattle became interested in cattle fattened on Big Hole Valley feed. He wrote in 1916: "It was hard to get anything out of a banker with which to buy stock to fill your feed lots. As we only had Butte and Anaconda, local markets, on which we could depend, we did not really know but what they were right. There came a time when Charlie Fry, the big Seattle packer, made up his mind that Big Hole steers looked good to him, so he came and looked over the lay-out himself. He was pleased with the cattle, but as he could not get them into the Bitter Root, where he wished to put them on the cars, he did not purchase any the first year. Later on he sent his men into the valley and has made it possible for the feeders to get rid of almost all they can feed."



Silas and Melinda were known as the "Dishnos of the Big Hole" when this picture was taken later in their marriage after Dishno had built his hay and cattle ranch into a "spread" of nearly 4,000 acres. Mrs. Dishno died in Dillon in the early 1930's.



The cattle were divided into two shipments. The men from Denver wanted to go to Seattle as did Silas' father, who had never ridden on a cattle train and who wanted to visit his brother, Pete, in Seattle. It took five days to drive the cattle from the ranch to Red Rock, since they had to be driven slowly to prevent excessive shrinkage. Final feeding point on the trail was at the Barrett ranch on Horse Prairie Creek. As they were eating breakfast, Silas recalls, Mr. Barrett got a telephone call telling about the San Francisco earthquake. It was the morning of April 18, 1906.

"We got into Red Rock early," said Silas, "and had the 33 cars of steers loaded and were on our way by noon. We arrived at Ontario, Oregon, our first feeding point by train, at six the next evening. We let the cattle rest and feed until afternoon of the next day, then loaded and went on to Huntington, the division point where the train crew changes. Louis Deegan and I got out and walked along on either side of the train with our prod poles, to see if the steers were riding all right. As long as the train is in motion, closely packed cattle will not try to lie down, but when the train stops for only a short time they will and have to be prodded onto their feet to keep them from being trampled and crippled.

"We noticed that there were three cars of dead freight that had been added to our train without our knowledge. We looked up the yard master and asked him the reason since we were supposed to have a strictly cattle train. He told us that those extra cars were loaded with supplies for the victims of the earthquake and that they were on our train because it was the fastest that would be going over that line. He said he would give us a clear

right of way and that even the passenger trains would have to go in the hole (side track) for us. Naturally we told him that would be all right.

"When we had crossed the divide in the blue mountains and were going down on the west side into Bakersfield, the caboose, in which of course we were riding, swayed from side to side. My father was sitting there holding on to the seat with both hands and looking at Louis and me to see if we weren't a bit scared too. Finally he said, 'Don't you think we're going too fast? Do you suppose the train is getting away from the engineer?'

"There is an indicator on all cabooses that shows if the air brakes are working all right. Louis looked at it and assured Dad that all was under control. He felt a little better but still I don't believe he enjoyed that part of the ride very much. The brakeman was sitting up there in his cupola with his lantern, giving the engineer the high sign to get going and he really hit the ball. That was the fastest ride I ever took on a cattle train and I've ridden a good many. We made it into Portland in less than 24 hours. There we gave the steers another good rest and feed with plenty of water and were on our way again the next night about nine.

"At that time there was no bridge across the Columbia River. We went up to a point opposite Kelso, Washington where there was a ferry. The train had to be taken across in two sections. I



The pioneer Big Hole rancher displays one of his favorite birthday presents, junior-size cigars. A sage 102-year-old's observation about smoking: "I enjoy a cigar, but I can take them or leave them alone." Photo by John A. Forssen.

went across with the first section and my father, who was anxious to see how a train was ferried across the river, stayed in the comfortable caboose to go with the second section. It was nearly midnight and the old gentleman was getting pretty tired. A brakeman came along and suggested that he climb into the bunk and have a nap as it would be over an hour before the ferry would be back, since the river was about a mile wide at that point. So father went to sleep and no one thought to wake him up. When he did wake up we were half way on the last lap of our trip. He was much disappointed that he had missed out on the crossing by ferry.

"We got into Seattle about noon the next day and took my father and our luggage to a hotel but we didn't stop to get anything to eat. We were too anxious about the cattle. We had our train run into the yard of Fry Bruan Packing and Slaughter Plant. The steers were in excellent condition. They were weighed and slaughtered at the same time and we were all settled up by four o'clock. We were really hungry, for we hadn't had anything to eat since we had left Portland the night before. There

was a barrel of pickled pigs feet open in the packing shed. We filled up on them. We didn't count but we must have put away a lot and they tasted wonderful.

"We were all well satisfied with the cattle deal, for after paying all expenses we made a good profit over what we would have made had we sold on the ranch. At that time a freight car from Red Rock to Seattle was \$110.

"Back at the hotel we found that the first man with whom father had got to talking knew his brother Pete. We thought that was quite a coincidence, since even at that time Seattle was a big city. We enjoyed a good visit at my uncle's before going home."<sup>14</sup>

One day a cattle buyer John Kennedy came to the now famed Big Hole ranch of the Dishnos to buy up cattle to be traileed to Anaconda. Kennedy wanted Silas to help him buy up a good-sized herd. He would pay \$4.50 at the shipping point. They started out in opposite directions to canvass both ends of the Basin. Everywhere Silas went it was the same: nobody wanted to trail to Anaconda. They would sell on the ranch at \$4.00 cwt. or at Red Rock for \$4.00 "and that was that!" That night when Silas returned home he found that Kennedy had no better luck and was pretty much discouraged. It seemed that every feeder in the Basin had an aversion to selling in Anaconda.

"Why don't you let me contract the cattle here on the ranches and I'll deliver them to you in Anaconda?" asked Silas.

<sup>14</sup> Dishno's experiences in transporting cattle out of the state were the reverse of what had been happening during the late 1860's and 1870's when the great cattle drives from California, Oregon and Texas brought hordes of critters to the lush grasses of this new territory. The combination of markets for beef and seemingly unlimited range in Montana attracted the attention of stockmen of the entire West. The Oregon population was stabilizing and cattle had become surplus, leading to drives into Montana of some excellent herds. Even in California after the gold strikes the markets were glutted and herds had to be driven north. This fantastic era did not end until the hard winter of 1886-87 pointed up the need for controlled breeding, fencing, and the eventual change in the livestock picture to one of smaller, home owned ranches.

"You hop right to it," was Kennedy's reply, "and I'll give you a bonus of 10c cwt."

So Silas speedily bought up 1,800 head of fat Big Hole steers. He divided them into three herds of 600 each, taking those that showed the best finish first. He had only two riders to help. The hard trip from near Jackson to Anaconda took six days. Yet besides the bonus, he made \$2,000 on the investment and wondered why others had turned down such a good deal.

For almost 40 years, Silas and Melinda Dishno lived on the big ranch, working hard but managing well and taking time for an occasional pleasure trip. Then, simultaneously, there came the great 1930 draught-depression and Melinda's final illness. Silas sold the place to Fred Hirshey and went to Dillon to live, hoping to save Melinda. But it was fruitless.

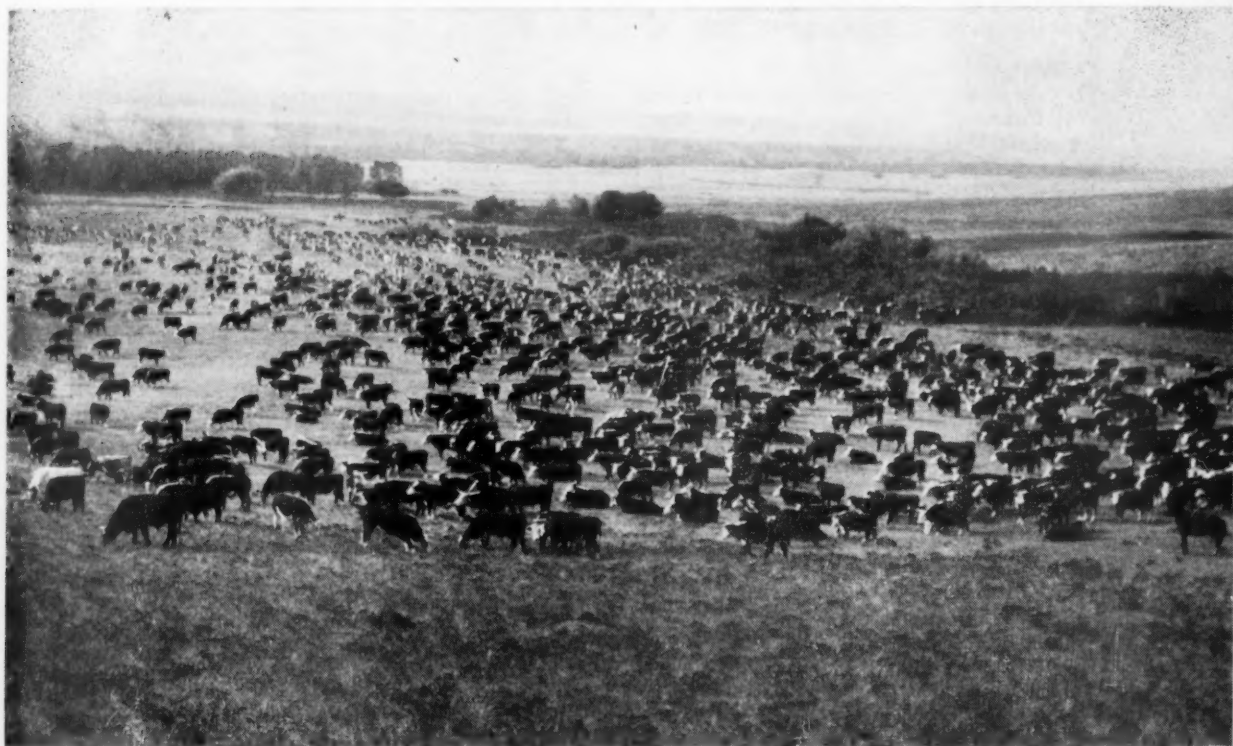
Now Silas Dishno spends his days quietly in the Garden City, reading a little, visiting with friends, talking with Mamie. He is comforted by his church,

St. Francis Xavier. The mails bring many letters from friendships formed over a long and productive life.

Usually Silas is mild of speech and cooperative in matters of health. His daughter-in-law recently said: "He's very good. He's a pleasure to be around—never complains, always pleasant."

But a few years ago when he had a slight indisposition, his doctor ordered salt taken from his diet. Following orders, Mamie cooked his food with little or no salt and removed the salt shaker from the table. For a few days Silas picked glumly at his fare. Then one morning he pushed his breakfast away and exploded: "Hell," he said, "I've lived 98 years and eaten all the salt I've wanted, and I'd rather die right now than starve to death trying to eat this tasteless stuff!"

Mamie put the salt shaker back on the table, and Silas has added another four years to his long life, enjoying all the seasoning he wants and proving the indestructible nature of "Dishno of the Big Hole."





## AN INCIDENT AT FORT KEOGH

BY EDGAR I. STEWART

**L**IFE ON the frontier posts of the U. S. Army during the seventies and eighties of the last century left much to be desired, but there were things other than chasing the pesky redskin (or being chased by him). There were disappointments and frustrations and boredom, and there was that apparently perennial curse of troops in garrison: paperwork.

The following document, taken verbatim and *in extenso* from the original in the files of the Historical Society of Montana, is a case in point. A case, in fact, of Cashmere Bouquet soap! It shows that preoccupation with petty detail is no new-comer to the military scene.

Proceedings of a Board of Survey  
Convened per S.O. 35 Hdqrs.  
Fort Keogh M. T., February 13, 1880.

### Purport:

To examine into, report upon and fix the responsibility for a deficiency of twenty-four (24) Cakes of "Cashmere Bouquet" soap, found in a box of Soap, the property of the U. S. for which 2nd Lieut. C. F. Roe, 2nd Cav. A.A.C.S. is responsible.

Capt. Samuel Ovenshine, 5th Inf., President.

1st Lieut. C. E. Hargous, 5th Inf., Recorder.

Proceedings of a Board of Survey Convened by virtue of the following order.

Headquarters Fort Keogh, M. T.  
February 13, 1880.

Special Orders  
No. ....35

A Board of Survey to Consist of:  
Captain Samuel Ovenshine 5th Infantry  
Captain A. C. Girard Asst. Surg. U.S.A.  
1st Lieut. C. E. Hargous 5th Infantry

is hereby ordered to convene at this Post at 10 o'clock A. M. tomorrow or as soon thereafter as practicable to examine into, report upon, and fix the responsibility for a deficiency of twenty-four (24) cakes of "Cashmere Bouquet" Soap, found in a box of Toilet Soap.—said to have been invoiced by Major M. P. Small, C. S. July 31, 1879.—the property of the U.S. and for which 2nd Lieut. Charles F. Roe, 2nd Cavalry A.A.C.S.<sup>1</sup> is responsible.

By order of

Colonel N. A. Miles

(Signed) E. Rice

1st Lieutenant Adj. 5 Infty.

Post Lieutenant

<sup>1</sup>Acting Assistant Commissary of Subsistence.



Fort Keogh Montana  
February 21st 1880.

The Board met pursuant to the foregoing order. Present — All the Members. The Board then examined the box in question and found from the stencilled marks thereon that it was purchased from Van Schaak, Stevenson & Co. 92 & 94 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill, 7/25/79 by Genl. M. P. Small, C.S. U.S.A. and the board found the box marked with indelible pencil 'Twelve dozen' Cashmere Bouquet Soap, and in like manner marked '47 lbs.' The Board weighed the box with its original packing and found it to weigh 46 lbs.

This slight difference in marked and actual weight can easily be accounted for by shrinkage or difference in scales. The board found, on examination, that the box only contained ten dozen cakes of 'Cashmere Bouquet' Soap and that from the size of the box it was not possible to put in it, two more dozen cakes of soap,—as they are put up, in card board boxes — and further that twelve dozen cakes of soap in their wrappings would have brought the weight of the box to something over six pounds more than its marked weight. The Board is of the opinion that the box never contained more than ten dozen cakes of soap that it was marked 'Twelve dozen,' by mistake, and that Messrs. Van Schaak and Stevenson of Chicago from whom the soap was purchased, should make good the deficiency to the government and further the Board recommends that Lieut. C. F. Roe, 2nd Cavalry A.A.C.S. be allowed to drop two dozen cakes of 'Cashmere Bouquet' Soap from his returns.

There being no further business before it the Board adjourned, *sine die*

Sam Ovenshine (signed)  
Captain 5th Infantry  
President

A. C. Girard (signed)  
Capt. & Asst. Surg. U.S.A.  
Member

C. E. Hargous (signed)  
1st Lieut 5th Infantry.  
Recorder.

Examined and Approved  
NELSON A. MILES (signed)  
Colonel, 5th Infantry  
Commanding.

Post of Fort Keogh

} S. S.

County of Custer M. T. }

Personally appeared before me, William H. Cooke, U. S. Commissioner, in and for the territory of Montana the undersigned Patrick Fox, Private Co "F" 5th Infantry who upon being duly sworn according to law deposes and says to wit.

That he has been on duty as Laborer in the Sub. Department at this Post under the direction of Lt. C. F. Roe 2nd Cav. A.A.C.S. since July 10th/79 that on Feby 6th 1880, he opened for the purpose of issuing therefrom, (1) one original box marked twelve dozen Cashmere Bouquet Soap, that the marks on said box show that it was bought from Van Schaack Stevenson & co, Wholesale Druggists, 92 and 94 Lake St. Chicago 7/25/79 by Genl. M. P. Small, that this box of soap is the property of the U. S. for which Lt. C. F. Roe 2nd Cav. A.A.C.S. is responsible.

That upon examining and counting the contents of this box, he found the same to contain but 10 dozen, instead of 12 dozen of soap as marked thereon, making a deficiency of 2 dozen or 24 cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

Deponent further says, that in his opinion the box never contained more than 10 dozen of soap and that the deficiency was caused by an error, in packing.

Patrick Fox (signed)  
Private Co. "F" 5th Infantry

Sworn and Subscribed to before me, at Fort Keogh M.Ty this 11th day of February 1880.

Wm. C. Cooke (signed)  
U. S. Commissioner.



## HE KILLED A BEAR

# Montana's First Bounty Collector

by Katherine Crumb

IN THE spring of 1883 hunters and trappers were informed that Montana Territory would pay a bounty on predatory animals: \$8 for a bear, \$8 for a mountain lion, \$1 for a wolf and 50c for a coyote. The auditor's report for that year shows that the first bounty was paid on May 9, 1883, to Ryland R. Crumb, commonly known as Roy Crumb, and therein lies a bear tale.

Roy Crumb and his partner, an excitable Frenchman named Frank Ratelle, were mining in the Whitetail Basin. It was the end of April when winter took a last fling and spread a six-inch blanket of wet snow over the land, which made for good tracking. Roy and Frank decided it was a chance to get some fresh meat. As they made a swing around the basin they were stopped in amazement by the biggest set of tracks they had ever encountered.

"Bear tracks! And what a bear!" Roy exclaimed as he knelt to measure them. He could span nine inches with his hand but when he laid it in one of the tracks it lacked two inches of reaching the width.

Frank's mongrel dog sniffed once at the trail, made up his mind right then that he was no bear dog, tucked his tail between his legs and took off on high for home. Frank trembled as he gazed in awe at the size of the tracks and he decided that he hadn't lost any bears, especially any bears that made tracks that big.

"By gee cris now Roy!" he exclaimed, "I just remember. I got bread making. I best get back to cabin and fix him!"

"Sure, Frank," Roy agreed, "You do that. We don't want to be without bread. I'll just follow this big fellow a ways and see if I can catch up with him. We could use that bounty the Territory has just put on bear."

Frank hesitated long enough to warn Roy to be careful, then swung toward camp, covering ground with amazing rapidity in his erratic gate, caused by one leg being much shorter than the other from an improperly set break some years before.

Roy followed the huge tracks for over a mile, through snow-laden brush, across a small stream, through a jumble of giant granite boulders piled into great masses, forming deep passage ways and caves where he was especially cautious of an unexpected encounter with the animal he was trailing.

On a lodgepole-covered sidehill he inched through the snow-covered trees to the edge of a small park. Suddenly he came face to face with a bear that looked bigger than anything imaginable. Barely 30 feet away the beast stood

This interesting hunting exploit from Montana's Territorial past was written by Mrs. Katherine Crumb, who lives 21 miles north of Avon, where she and her husband own and operate a small gold mine. Roy Crumb, the hero of this story, was her father-in-law.

Ryland R. Crumb, better known as Roy, came to Montana Territory in the late 1870's and prospected and mined for many years. In 1888 he married Minnie Freyler of Wickes, the daughter of a pioneer family. They had nine children, all of whom are still living, four in Montana.

In 1883, the year he killed the big bear, Mr. Crumb was mining in the Whitetail Basin. Mrs. Crumb writes, "During the winter he passed the time by shaping and partly polishing a tombstone from native granite. When he died at Missoula in 1928, my husband got the stone and had it placed on his grave."

where he had turned, then came back to the opposite side of the little clearing to look back down the hill at this puny creature that dared to pursue him. Roy stared at the bear, thinking uneasily of the place along the trail where he had paced off 40 feet where the huge animal had made one leap to catch a cotton-tail rabbit.

Slowly he raised his gun, a .45/120 Sharps, breech-loading single-shot rifle that fired a 500 grain bullet. As he raised the gun to his shoulder and tried to sight, he discovered that snow blocked both the globe front sight and disk-peep rear sight. He lowered it and, with one eye on the bear that hadn't moved a muscle, blew the snow from the sights and checked the barrel to be sure it wasn't plugged.

Still the bear stood immobile. So Roy pulled his hunting knife from its scabbard, stuck it in the front of his shirt where it would be easy to reach, took two extra bullets from his belt and held them in his hand for fast loading if needed.

Once again he raised his gun, took careful aim at the bear's eye, and squeezed the trigger. The shot boomed like a cannon. Black smoke rolled across the park. Roy reloaded quickly, but the bear sank to the ground with a low moan and died instantly.

As he stood looking over his prize, Roy heard the cracking of brush below him. Suddenly alert to the possibility of a mate to this bear, or another one, he stood, gun ready for action as he listened for the sound again. Soon he heard a faint voice calling, "Roy! Roy! You all right, Roy?" He kept silent for a few minutes, then heard Frank again, closer this time.

"Just one shot. By gee cris now, you spouse Roy got that bear or that bear got Roy?"

For a second Roy was tempted to growl but decided against further frightening his partner. It took a brave man, he mused, to follow a friend in a case like this when he was as scared of bears as Frank was.



MINNIE AND ROY CRUMB, 1906

"Come on, Frank," he called, "I'm all right and we've got us a real bear!"

A number of men from neighboring mines and from ranches in the valley below came to see the huge animal. They had no way of weighing it, but all agreed that it would go close to a ton. The bear measured 11 feet, 6 inches in length, had a bald face and was dark brown in color, except for a light colored stripe six inches wide all along its back; so they called it a roach-back. It was soft from the winter hibernation but still fat. Roy and Frank rendered over 300 pounds of lard from the fat, a commodity that had many frontier uses; for cooking, for shoe grease to water-proof boots, even pomade to slick down their hair for special occasions. It took two men to pack the hide, which Roy later sent back east to his mother.

A few days later Frank made a trip to Boulder. As he entered the saloon he was greeted by questions about the big bear.

"By gee cris now," he exclaimed, "I tell you, he one big bear!"

"Who killed him, Frank?" one man called.

"Me an my partner, we kill him," Frank answered.

"How many shots did it take?" another man asked.

"By gee cris now, just one shot! Hit him right in the eye!" Frank explained with gestures.

"But Frank," the first man queried with a grin, "If just one shot was fired who killed him?"

"By gee cris now, I tell you," Frank reiterated stubbornly, "Me an my partner, we kill one damn big bear!"

CUSTER ENTHUSIASTS,  
IN MY ANALYSIS OF THE  
BATTLE OF THE LITTLE  
BIG HORN—



This cartoon adorns Reader Ken Lizorty's unique stationery, and he has given us permission to reproduce it here, along with his ambitious drawing on the next page. His letter, along with two others on the Custer enigma, follows:

"... Like many others I have turned the spade in digging up and examining Custer history, and I wish everyone luck in analyzing Custer's death (in *Montana* magazine), whether self-inflicted or not. "From my studies, I believe Custer and his group were clouted down by heavy gunfire, which would not have required any fantastic number of weapons; 15 or 20 Henry and Winchester repeaters firing on 50 men bunched together on an exposed hillside is quite sufficient.

"Some years ago I achieved fame (around the block) as the artist that drew 3,187 individual Indians charging down a hillside onto 110 of Custer's Cavalrymen on one drawing to see how that many Indians would look in one place. [See opposite page.]

"Just thinking of counting 3,187 one by one is enough to make me nervous nowadays. (My friends were probably more amazed that I could count that high). Occasionally this drawing will fall out of the closet and hit me in the head, and I'll wonder, whatever could have possessed me?

"I have no doubt that there will always be deep interest in the West, that it is a beautiful heritage of this country, with a lure of the untamed wild that seems to attract so many of us. Even to drawing 3,187 Indians.

Ken Lizorty  
6117 Fee Fee Road  
Hazelwood, Mo.

"One of the facets so often overlooked about the West is the firearms—when and how they were used—so I was particularly pleased to see the letter of John duMont in . . . your Autumn 1959 issue. I agree wholeheartedly with his statements as to when the "Lightning" double action first came out, that is, 1877. However, if he will check page 74 of *The Peacemaker and its Rivals*, he will find that the Thunderer .41 was advertised as early as August 31, 1878—which is hardly "years later" [but] which doesn't destroy his argument at all.

"The only point that Mr. duMont does not explain in his letter is the statement of Porter's 'the bullet was of a curious pointed type only used in the .41 calibre at that time . . .' To my knowledge the .41 Thunderer

## MORE RUMBLINGS FROM THE LITTLE BIG HORN . . .

never did use a pointed bullet, but a round nosed one. Some place I have a picture of an old price list showing the .41 Long Colt, as they were called, and was looking for this when I discovered a fact that I should have known but, apparently in common with Mr. duMont, completely forgot. That is, like him I assumed any reference to a .41 Colt meant the .41 Long Colt.

"I have a reprint of a Colt price list of 1872 and I came across this and there big as life is illustrated 'Colt's Patent Horse Pistol'—and the cartridge used—a short rimfire case with a pointed 135 grain lead bullet. The calibre listed as .41—also referred to as the .41 derringer. The particular model illustrated came out in 1871, whereas Dr. Porter mentions the new type as having come out the winter before (1875?) . . .

"Only one point remains and that is the 'one peculiar brass shell' mentioned by Mr. duMont under number 5. I'm well aware that the .41 rimfire I've mentioned was never made in anything but a copper case. However, the evidence does not say 'definitely,' only 'supposed' to be for Custer's pistol. Also, no mention is made of Custer's English 'Bull Dog' pistols of which he was carrying two, calibre and cartridge unknown, which could account for a stray and peculiar brass shell.

"The little Colt horse or pocket pistols were commonly only 5 or 6 inches long, and Custer could well have had one concealed about him some place; and with his 50-70 Remington . . . empty, his 'Bull Dogs' out of ammunition, could well have pulled a .41 pocket pistol for a last ditch fight . . ."

Alan Emanuel  
519 Hickory St.  
Anaconda, Mont.

\* \* \*

"Have received and read with great interest the autumn edition of *Montana* magazine, and as always found it packed with many intriguing items. Seeing that the Custer fracas is up for another going over and that reader Gordon Chappell of Sacramento has referred to my *Custer's Fall* in correspondence published, I feel free to jump in with all four feet.

"My good friend Reginald Laubin of Moose, Wyoming, is correct in his statement about White Bull's claim to have killed Long Hair. In his letter to you he mentions that a friend of his accompanied him to visit White Bull and other old warriors of the Sioux near Rapid City. I was that friend. On an earlier occasion I had heard White Bull make the same claim—when he had then told me that I was the first white man to hear it. While Stanley Vestal claimed in an article that White Bull had "confessed" to having killed Custer years ago, I am not so sure that the old warrior wasn't telling me the truth when he said that he had never before admitted this to a white man. This was in 1939.

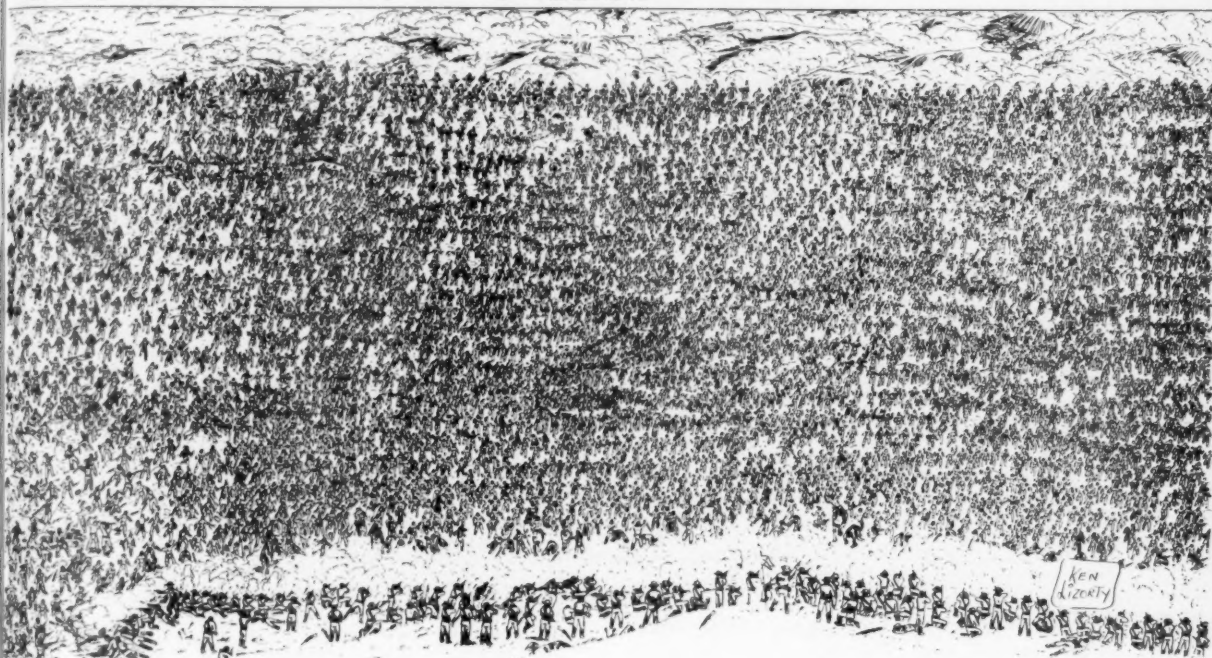
"In any case, I haven't the slightest doubt that White Bull genuinely believed that he had killed Long Hair. And it is true that some other warriors substantiated the claim.

"As you may recall in *Custer's Fall*, I interviewed seventy-two Indians who had been in the Little Big Horn fight. I do not believe anyone else has talked to, questioned or cross-checked the testimony of so many actual participants. By and large, the consensus of opinion among these Indians was that no one knew who actually had killed Custer.



# CUSTER'S LAST STAND

JUNE 25, 1876 - LITTLE BIG HORN VALLEY -



Copyright 1960 by Ken Lizorty

Reader Ken Lizorty's conception of how 3,187—count them—Indians looked as they charged downhill to meet General Custer's Seventh Cavalry is shown above. This drawing of the famous battle, certainly the most individualistic ever attempted, was made by Lizorty on a visit to the Battlefield in 1955. He made a number of sketches during that visit, during which he said he discovered some interesting facts: that tennis shoes are not good for walking on or near cactus, and that certain buzzing insects (or Montana grasshoppers) when startled make sounds like a rattlesnake. He developed, too, a consuming interest in the Custer Battle, an interest he shares with thousands of others.

"First, no one recognized Long Hair until after the battle. This has been definitely established.

"Second, the dust and the turmoil and the head-long retreat to high ground on the part of the troops made recognition highly improbable—even had many Indians been present who actually knew Custer by sight. The fact that he went into the fight with a "butch" haircut precludes the obvious way of recognizing him, and no less than five other officers and civilians were dressed similarly in buckskins. Most warriors long assumed that Tom Custer had been the leader of the soldiers because of the tattooing on his chest!

"Third, there are many indications that by the time White Bull got into the thick of the fighting and encountered the white man he later believed was Custer, Long Hair was no longer in command of his detachment—no longer because he was mortally wounded or dead. In no other way can the complete demoralization of Custer's entire detachment be accounted for. Nor is there any other explanation—if my Indian informants are to be believed (and who else can say?)—for the failure of the detachment to ride into the Indian village defended at that moment by only four warriors.

"The Indians told me that Custer's command came down Medicine Tail Coulee, splashed into the ford. Then and there, something happened which stopped the soldiers dead in their tracks and caused them to turn back in a disorganized rout—although the maneuver may have begun as an orderly retreat. Only

one thing could have happened in light of Custer's own aggressive personality: *Custer was shot down.* Perhaps he did not die immediately. But he fell into the water, was helped back to the near shore, and, since his body was later found on the ridge, he was presumably carried there by his officers and men who, now that he was no longer able to command them, could think only in terms of last-ditch defense. *Nothing else makes sense.* Custer had too much—far too much at stake to turn back while there was the remotest chance of victory. My book is based on a careful reconstruction of the Indian point of view. Not all authorities agree with my findings or with my conclusions. But when you have a mathematical equation only certain elements will satisfy it. The Custer fight is much like such an equation. The above is the only plausible explanation for the mystery that has dogged historians for so long. No white men survived to give a better one.

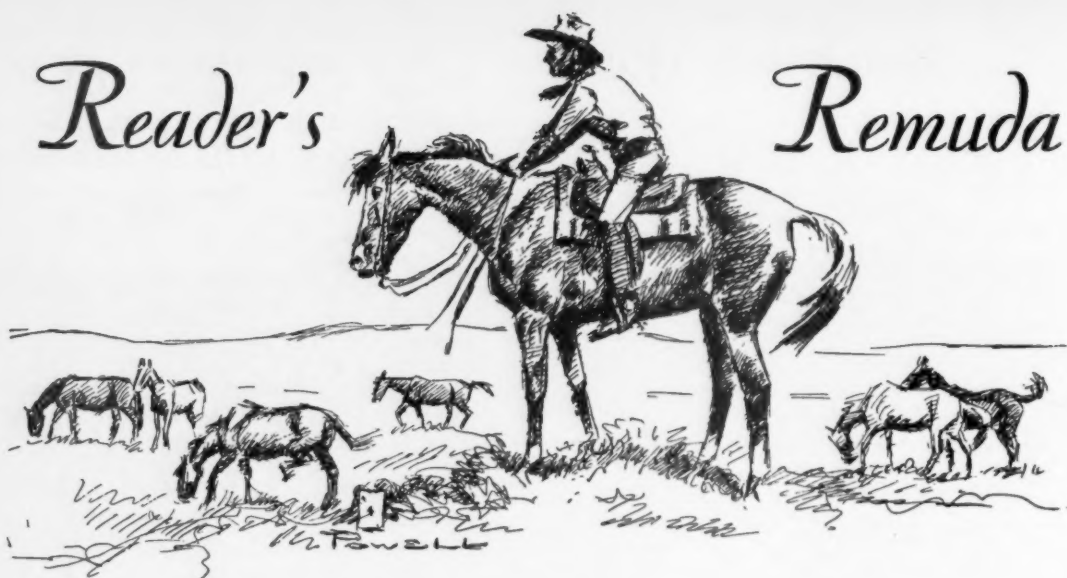
"I go along with Reginald Laubin in the idea that disagreement on the subject often makes it all the more entertaining and brings out new material. But I doubt if Redge himself would disagree with my insistence that only the Indians themselves could have known the answers . . ."

David Humphreys Miller  
1655 North Cherokee  
Hollywood 28, Calif.

See the review of Mr. Miller's new book *GHOST DANCE* in our winter, 1960 issue.

# Reader's

# Remuda



## *A Roundup of the new western books*

*Edited by Robert G. Athearn*

"LEWIS HENRY MORGAN, THE INDIAN JOURNALS, 1859-62", edited, with an introduction by Leslie A. White. (University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor, 1959). 229 pp., 16 color pl., 105 text ill. \$17.50. Our reviewer is Robert H. Lister, professor of anthropology at the University of Colorado.

Lewis Henry Morgan (1818-1881), a New Yorker, was a successful lawyer and businessman who acquired a modest fortune from his legal practices and from business ventures in railroads, mines, and iron furnaces. However, he is not remembered for his successful career in business, but as a scientist who made highly significant and lasting contributions to our knowledge of many American Indian tribes and to systems of reckoning kinship among peoples over the world.

His book on the League of the Iroquois, published in 1851, has been referred to as the "first scientific account of an Indian tribe ever given to the world." Numerous other books and papers of ethnological content resulted from his researches. Natural history was another life-long interest of Morgan's. His avid concern with this field is reflected by his publication in 1863 of a treatise, "The American Beaver and His Work."

Morgan devoted all the time that he could possibly spare from his law practice and business interests to his various researches, and in his later years, he gave up his law practice to devote himself almost wholly to ethnology. His entire career as a scientist was spent, however, as a private citizen. He never sought or accepted a position on the faculty of a college. Nor was he ever a staff member of a museum or other scientific institution. However, he was acquainted with, or corresponded with, most of the foremost scientists and scholars of his day in the United States and was active in numerous scientific societies and associations.

Morgan's interest in the American Indian and in ethnology stems from his membership, while "reading law," in a young men's literary and social society, The Grand Order of the Iroquois. It was modeled after the famed League of the Iroquois and its Constitution was written by Morgan. Several chapters were organized, each holding meetings at which times ceremonies were performed and addresses delivered.

During the 1840's a group of land speculators was aggressively trying to deprive the Senecas (one of the tribes making up the League of the Iroquois) of their lands. The Grand Order of the Iroquois fought this group with every means at their command. Some gains were won, and in recognition of his services on their behalf, the

Seneca Tribe adopted Morgan. Thus, an association with the Iroquois was established which lasted the remainder of his life.

After completing his study of the Iroquois and publishing the "League of the Iroquois," he discovered that many tribes and peoples had kinship systems like that of the Iroquois. He sought to determine the extent of this system by sending questionnaires over the world and by personally visiting as many American Indian tribes as circumstances would permit.

The book here considered contains the journals Morgan wrote on four trips to the northern Midwest and northern Rocky Mountain areas between 1859-62. These journals have been edited by Professor Leslie A. White, University of Michigan Anthropologist, who also has studied and published portions of other previously unpublished manuscript material in the Morgan archives. White's comments on Morgan and his researches, and his general "stage setting" for Morgan's four trips contribute immensely to the value of the publication.

Although Morgan sought principally to gather data on kinship systems on these trips, his journals are full of a wealth of information on other aspects of Indian life, as well as upon the history, geography, and natural history of the places included in his travels. His fourth trip, described in the Rocky Mountain Journal of 1862, took him up the Missouri and into what is now Montana as far as Fort Benton. Much of this journal is devoted to accounts of the Crow.

Illustrations in this book depict the places and the people Morgan saw and wrote about. They are excellent. Color plates have been selected from the works of George Catlin, Karl Bodmer, James O. Lewis and Charles B. King. The black and white illustrations, photographs and drawings, have been assembled from the collections of numerous individuals and institutions.

I am most pleased with the book. Leslie White has done an admirable job of editing the journals and preparing the summaries of Morgan's life and researches, in addition to picturing the life and general conditions in the United States at the time of Morgan's travels and studies. The illustrations, selected by Clyde Walton, contribute greatly to the volume. Morgan's writings are informative and afford one a considerable amount of enjoyable reading.

SPRING 1960

"SIX MONTHS IN THE GOLD MINES: FROM A JOURNAL OF THREE YEARS' RESIDENCE IN UPPER AND LOWER CALIFORNIA, 1847-49" by *E. Gould Buffum*. Edited with introduction by John W. Caughey. (Ward Ritchie Press, Los Angeles, 1959. xxiii, plus 145 pp. \$5.00) Rodman Wilson Paul, professor of history at California Institute of Technology, is our reviewer.

Gould Buffum's narrative has the special value of covering the transition in California from the relatively quiet days of 1847 through the beginning of excitement in 1848 and into the chaotic happenings of 1849. Most contemporary accounts, after devoting an inordinate amount of space to the voyage or overland trip, start describing the diggings and San Francisco as they were in the latter part of 1849. Here, by contrast, is a splendidly nostalgic picture of Lower California in 1847, sketches of the Spanish-speaking seacoast towns from Monterey to San Diego, and a colorful, richly detailed description of a thoroughly amateurish expedition that started up to the mines in October and November of 1848. Buffum's comments on 1849 are less interesting, because more stereotyped, but he does have some revealing comments on the rapid growth of San Francisco and Sacramento and on the hardships and uncertainties of mining life even in the halcyon days of early '49.

For this new edition John Caughey has written a very informative biographical introduction and a brief comparison between Buffum's book and other contemporary narratives. It is a pleasure to have this book back in print.







**"ARMY EXPLORATION IN THE AMERICAN WEST, 1803-1863,"** by William H. Goetzmann, (Yale University Press, New Haven, 1959. xx, plus 434 pp., ill., biblio., \$6.50.) Our reviewer is W. Turrentine Jackson, professor of history at the University of California at Davis, and a frequent contributor to this magazine.

This volume is a history of the Topographical Engineers between 1838-1863, the life-span of the Corps' autonomy within the United States Army, with emphasis on the role of these Army officers in exploring the Trans-Mississippi West and making known its topography and resources. The majority of the thirty-six officers that comprised the Corps at any one time were assigned to commands in the West in the two decades before the Civil War. Therefore, in the 1840's the Corps was a determining factor in extending the boundaries of the United States. The travels of John C. Fremont to the Rocky Mountains and California, and William H. Emory's march to the Pacific with the "Army of the West" provide sufficient examples. When the Mexican War was over, the Corps was given the responsibility for fixing the southwestern boundary and exploring the new domain. Howard Stansbury reported on the Great Basin and the Mormon community, James H. Simpson established a wagon road along the Canadian River from Fort Smith to Santa Fe as a part of Randolph B. Marcy's command, Lorenzo Sitgreaves explored Arizona and New Mexico. During the next decade the topographical engineers strove to avoid the pitfalls of the sectional controversy as they engaged in the Pacific Railroad surveys and built wagon roads for the federal government. Moreover, as an agency for public improvements the Corps was forced to

pay heed to the local demands of settlers, or answer to their representatives in Congress. Occasionally they became a military unit and as a part of the fighting force were engaged in the Mormon War or the Great Sioux outbreak of 1854.

Many Army men were primarily builders rather than fighters. The central figure in the history of the Topographical Engineering Corps is its chief from 1829-1861, Colonel John James Abert. The author has confirmed his ability as a career officer, his reserve, firmness, and good judgment. This is revealed in official Army records. Unfortunately so little personal information is available on Abert that he is not likely to be accorded the place he deserves in history as one of the most worthy of our military leaders. William H. Emory, in contrast, comes to life as a personality in this book chiefly because Goetzmann had access to his personal papers in the Yale University Library. James H. Simpson's success as a road-builder, his sound predictions of future railroad development, and his willingness to challenge popular enthusiasm should enhance his reputation so that he becomes as well-known as our less significant, though more sensational, Indian fighters in the Army. The conclusion of many scholars that Jefferson Davis was among the most effective and perhaps the most conscientious of the Secretaries of War prior to 1860, in spite of his significant errors in judgment, is also re-affirmed in this study.



The basic theme of Goetzmann's book is the importance of the government's role in opening the Trans-Mississippi frontier in contrast to the lesser contribution of the individual pioneer, a thesis which the reviewer has heartily endorsed. He also notes that the ever-present conflict between civilians and military reached a crisis in the southwestern boundary survey prior to the controversy over the federal wagon road program. He ventures the suggestion that objectivity should have forced Jefferson Davis to support the thirty-fifth parallel for the transcontinental railroad, and that much sectional bitterness could have been avoided. Instead, the Army engineers were victimized in their attempts to please both the residents of the West and the politicians in the North and South, thereby causing the prestige of the Corps to wane after 1855.



The distinction of Goetzmann's work does not lie in the narrative of events but in his thorough grasp of cartographic history and the accumulated scientific knowledge of the West. Several essays on the history of science analyze and interpret the maps, pictures, sketches, and statistics compiled and published in the reports of various explorers. The book is not only learned it is also dramatic and readable. The story of the battle of San Pascual is the most exciting version the reviewer has read. Fourteen maps are scattered through the text in appropriate places; twenty-seven illustrations including hitherto unpublished sketches and photographs made by the engineers comprise a separate section; reproductions of five maps of historical significance are encased in a flap attached to the back cover. Three appendices and a lengthy biographical essay, critical in nature, are thrown in for good measure. Yale University has produced a monumental work.



"THE CIVIL WAR IN THE WESTERN TERRITORIES: ARIZONA, COLORADO, NEW MEXICO, AND UTAH" by Ray C. Colton. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1959. 230 pp., ill., maps, biblio., index. \$5). Our review is by Dudley T. Cornish, of Kansas State College, Pittsburg, Kas. He is the author of *The Sable Army*, a history of the Negro troops in the Civil War. Professor Cornish serves as editor of the *Midwest Quarterly*, published at Pittsburg, Kas.

This is a valuable but disappointing book. No one can argue with the fact that the Civil War in the Far West is "terra incognita" to all but a few specialists. The focus of Civil War scholarship has been all too exclusively on the Virginia-Maryland-Pennsylvania theater, with some attention to activities farther south, from the sea to Atlanta and westward to the big river. Some recent pioneering ventures into the Trans-Mississippi West have begun a new orientation, but no general work has been available on battles and campaigns beyond the Great Plains. Specialized studies, masters' theses, and doctoral dissertations there are, but a readable, definitive synthesis of these has long been needed. It still is.

Ray Colton, director of the Institute of Religion, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in the University of California at Los Angeles, "became interested in the significance of the West in the Civil War because of the common misconception that the war was fought entirely east of the Missouri River." In eight short chapters and a brief summary he has covered the major aspects of this historical hiatus, including synopses of political developments in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Utah. He shows with some clarity the stakes for which Union and Confederate forces played, and he demonstrates familiarity with the most important materials dealing with the period and the region. In elaborate detail he describes the Confederate campaign into New Mexico and Union counter-efforts culminating in victory at Glorieta Pass. He devotes a chapter to the heroic California expedition to eastern New Mexico; his longest and bloodiest chapter deals with Indian campaigns.

Unfortunately, as Bill Nye would put it, the work is "foundered in fact," repetitious fact. Mr. Colton seems to be fascinated by the minute and tedious details of conflicting casualty reports and battle fragments, and he painfully records on page after page the numbers of "savages" shot down, rounded up, or just plain slaughtered from the Rio Grande to the Snake. The raw material of good history is here, but life and spirit are lacking. The illustrations and maps are generally helpful, and the footnotes are where they belong.





**"INDIANS OF THE HIGH PLAINS: FROM THE PREHISTORIC PERIOD TO THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN,"** by George E. Hyde. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1959, xiii-231 pp., ill., maps, biblio., index, \$4). W. Eugene Hollon of the University of Oklahoma is our reviewer. Dr. Hollon is the author of *The Lost Pathfinder* (the story of Zebulon Pike), *Beyond the Cross Timbers* and other books about Western America.

The author of this book states in his preface that it "is intended for reading . . . not a treatise." If he meant to imply that it is for the "general reader," I'm afraid he overshot the mark. Though this reviewer is not exactly uninformed about Plains Indians, I must confess that I grew weary as the narrative shifted back and forth from the plains of Western Canada to those of Texas and Northern Mexico. And it left me several hundred miles or several centuries behind more than once.

In spite of the complexity of the subject and the difficulty of integrating archaeological, scientific, historical, legendary matters, and just plain conjecture into a single volume, "Indian of the High Plains" is likely to become one of the most important studies ever made of early Plains history.

Mr. Hyde is an authority on Indians, about which there can be no doubt. He has utilized new archaeological materials and analyzed them in the light of Spanish and French documents. He maintains that the Indian nation known before 1750 or 1800 as the Padoucas were in actuality Plains Apaches.

If this is correct, it changes the whole course of Plains history and gives the Apaches the credit for being the first great tribe that attempted to form settlements and grow crops in the heart of the Plains. The story of the rise and fall of the Gens du Serpents (Snakes) is another important feature of the Hyde book. The author indicates that from 1300 to 1700 the Apaches and their Navaho kinsmen have the pivotal role, that they were followed by the Gens du Serpents and Comanches, and that the latter two tribes dominated the Northern Plains until they were swept away by the Blackfeet, Sioux, and Northern Cheyenne and other tribes.

The general reader will find the life of the Plains Indians before they obtained horses, of remarkable interest. But he is apt to become confused by so many names, events, and probabilities. The anthropologists or Indian specialists will understand these things more easily.

"Indians of the High Plains" constitutes the 54th volume of the University of Oklahoma Press' distinguished "Civilization of the American Indian Series."



**"SANTA FE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SOUTHWESTERN TOWN,"** by Oliver La Farge, with the assistance of Arthur N. Morgan. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1959. 420 pp., ill., index. \$5.95). Our review is written by Carl Ubbelohde, of the Department of History, University of Colorado.

This self portrait of the City of Holy Faith is constructed from excerpts from the "New Mexican," the leading and often the only newspaper of the town. Oliver

La Farge has arranged news stories, editorials, and letters to the editor in chronological sequence and has supplied connecting, explanatory paragraphs. The resulting potpourri offers something for everyone—contemporaneous accounts of the death of Billy the Kid, crises over child-eating reptiles and Indian ceremonials, a squabble between Santa Fe artists and the D. A. R. over a Trail marker on the plaza, Penitente rites and suffrage for Indians.

The charming uniqueness of the city of many cultures is amply demonstrated in the variety of topics—some local, some national; some serious, some comic-opera—that, fitted together, form an autobiography of Santa Fe.



**"THE SAGA OF BEN HOLLADAY: GIANT OF THE OLD WEST,"** by Ellis Lucia. (Hastings House, N. Y., 1959, 374 pp., ill., \$6.50). This review is written by Robert W. Johannsen, professor of history at the University of Illinois. Author of *Frontier Politics and the Sectional Conflict: The Pacific Northwest on the Eve of the Civil War*, published in 1955, his special field of study is the American West.

Ben Holladay, "Napoleon of the Plains," "The Stage Coach King," "King of Wheels," "Old Hell-on-Wheels," was one of those fabulous characters who gave to the American West so much of its color and drama. His life spanned the conquest of the West and his story is that of Western development. Few careers have been so intertwined with America's frontier experience. Holladay, at one point or another in his life, was involved in the Santa Fe trade, the Mormon troubles in northwest Missouri, the Mexican War, the California Gold Rush, the taming of the Indian barrier on the Plains, the Comstock Lode, and most importantly, that significant area of Western development with which his name has become synonymous—transportation. Freight wagons, stage coaches, river boats, ocean steamers and railroads all moved at Holladay's behest and together formed one of the greatest transportation empires in history. He numbered among his admirers such men as Abraham Lincoln and

Brigham Young; Mark Twain and Horace Greeley each testified to the speed and efficiency of Holladay's operation. He made and lost fortunes with equal facility, spent lavishly, loved good living, and in general conformed to the pattern of business development during the Gilded Age. Whether he was a "robber baron" or a "captain of industry" is a question that might be (and has been) debated for a long time; in either case, Holladay's contributions to the development of the West, and hence to that of the nation, are indisputable.

In telling the story of such a person, it is easy to lose a strict sense of historical perspective. For Ellis Lucia, a young freelance writer living in Portland, Oregon, Ben Holladay has assumed the proportions of a popular folk-hero. He becomes a sort of superman, who kept his empire functioning and growing by shrewd business manipulation and brute strength. He could, Lucia tells us, "outtalk, outfight, outride, outdrink and outcuss anyone he came up against." He "swashbuckled from camp to camp, . . . downed whisky and rum like spring water, gambled nights in tense poker and faro parties while flirting with the dance-hall girls, paused jovially at wayside telegraph stations to play the stock market in New York, slam-banged his rib-cracking coaches from station to station, riding shotgun, pot shooting at Indians, chasing outlaws, swapping lead with renegades, charming folks with his own special humor, playing politics with suave assurance." Undaunted by setbacks that would have caused ordinary men to quail, the intrepid Holladay fought on to even greater heights. With this buildup, the collapse of the Holladay empire in the aftermath of the Panic of 1873 seems almost incredulous.

This book was not written for the serious student of Western history. The author's breezy, almost breathless style imparts a sensationalism to Holladay's exploits that detracts from the book's historical value. One gathers that this was entirely consistent with the author's purpose. This is a "saga" in the true sense of the word, and the author's use of the word "legend" to introduce the first chapter enhances this characteristic. J. V. Frederick's sound study of Holladay's stage coach operation still remains the best historical account of the most important aspect of his career. Strangely enough, Holladay's life and other transportation interests still await the historian's pen.

The general reader, however, will find Mr. Lucia's account of this "Giant of the Old West" well worth his attention.



"THE RAMPAGING HERD" by Ramon F. Adams. (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 463 pp., \$15). Maurice Frink, director of the State Historical Society of Colorado, is our reviewer. He is the author of *Cow County Cavalcade*, and, with W. Turrentine Jackson and Agnes W. Spring, of *When Grass Was King*.

This book is an indispensable tool for any study of the cattle industry in the American West. Its author also did "Six-Guns and Saddle Leather," a bibliography on outlaws and gunmen, as well as a book about the oldtime cowboy cook, one on Charles M. Russell and two on western words and cowboy lingo.

His new book "The Rampaging Herd" lists and describes 2,651 books and pamphlets on men and events in the cattle industry. There are brief evaluations of some of the rarer or more important items. The author's comments are always pointed and informative.

The publications which he considers the "Big Four" on the subject are McCoy's "Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade" (1874); Joseph Nimmo, Jr.'s "Report on the Internal Commerce of the United States" (1885); James Cox's "Historical and Biographical Record of the Cattle Industry and Cattlemen of Texas and Adjacent Territory" (1895); and James W. Freeman's "Prose and Poetry of the Livestock Industry" (1905).

Montana is well covered, with 172 titles listed. Only Texas and Wyoming have more.

Mr. Adams tells how first editions and other rarities may be identified. He had access to many public and private book collections, in compiling his bibliography. He describes numerous excessively rare publications, and tells where he found them. His listings run from the well-known works on the subject to obscure publications such as land sale promotion booklets, and books in which only certain chapters or sections are pertinent. It will surprise some to see Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" (1840) included in a cattle bibliography, but it belongs because it contains much information on the California hide and tallow industry.

Any student of the cattle industry will do well to start his research with "The Rampaging Herd."

"WILD BILL HICKOK," by Richard O'Connor. (Garden City: Doubleday and Co., 1959. 282 pp., \$3.95). Our reviewer is Wynn C. Kinsley of Boulder, Colo. Mr. Kinsley, who has a wide acquaintance with the "good guys" and "bad guys" behind the guns of the Old West, has written several reviews for this magazine.

The era of the Western gunfighter was comparatively short. It lasted a bit over a decade. Today, it is difficult for the average person to recall ten outstanding gunfighters of this period but almost anyone would surely list the name of Wild Bill Hickok. James Butler Hickok was beyond question the epitome of the Western Gunfighter. (This assertion should result in a rash of letters from our readers! Ed.)

Richard O'Connor's "Biography of Wild Bill Hickok" is a book that will interest and entertain everyone. Those who enjoy reading about gunfights should not fail to read this account. The author has been more careful in handling his data than he was when he wrote his book on Bat Masterson.

Mr. O'Connor has a very readable style, and although he quotes directly from conversations no one could have possibly remembered or recorded, it does make the people and the known incidents appear more vivid to the reader. For an evening's entertainment, this is the book.



## To Our Readers In The British Isles

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**"CUSTER: THE LIFE OF GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER,"** by Jay Monaghan. (Little Brown and Co., Boston, 1959. 469 pp., \$6.00). This new book on Custer is reviewed by David H. Stratton of the Department of History, Baylor University, Waco, Tex. Professor Stratton is working on a study of Albert B. Fall, portions of which were published in our October, 1957, issue.

Interest in General Custer has not quite reached the intensity which will produce a book comparable with the rumored, definitive classic of Lincolniana, "The Flea on the Ear of Lincoln's Doctor's Dog." This is one reason the life of the "Boy General" continues to attract writers of Western history. Mr. Monaghan's work is a readable addition to a growing list, but it is by no means the ultimate classic. It is a full biography covering Custer's life from cradle to Last Stand. About half is concerned with Civil War experiences; the battle of the Little Big Horn, usually favored above all other events in Custer's life, is allotted barely twenty pages (the next chapter includes some assessment of the battle). The author attaches no undue mysticism or symbolism to this happening, nor does he attempt a psychological analysis of Custer in relation to it, as some writers on the subject have done.

The reader is never left in doubt, however, about the sympathies of the author. Mr. Monaghan is in the Custer van. As a matter of fact, his presentation of Custer's brilliant successes in war, love, and marriage is sometimes an over-simplification of righteousness and harmonious well being. Thus the author, going all the way back to the Civil War and using considerable conjecture, makes black-hearted villains of Reno and Benteen from the beginning. Reno is described as jealous and bitter and Benteen as a sardonic grumbler and a whiner years before the Little Big Horn. And, after a disciplinary problem in his Texas command after the Civil War, General Custer is seen leading one doomed culprit from in front of the firing squad, leaving only "a bad man, disliked by the troops," to be shot down. The author does admit Custer's "willfulness and lack of judgment which seemed to increase with his advancing age."

From the time Custer was breveted a brigadier general at twenty-three he was a legendary figure. This makes it a difficult task for anyone writing about him to separate fact from fiction. Some readers may object to the slighting of certain printed government documents or Indian accounts of the big battle. Others may object to a heavy reliance upon the views of Mrs. Custer as expressed in her numerous books. However, Mr. Monaghan makes his way through the conflicting evidence with considerable skill. He shows a respectable

knowledge of source materials, although one is often not sure why he decides to select a certain point of view among several possibilities. But all future fighters of the Little Big Horn should realize that this will be their main dilemma.



"THE GREAT BUFFALO HUNT," by Wayne Gard. (Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1959. 324 pp., ill., biblio., index, \$5.75). Our reviewer is Clark C. Spence, assistant professor of history at Pennsylvania and author of *British Investments and the American Mining Frontier*, published in 1958. Dr. Spence wrote an account of the hunting exploits of Sir St. George Gore for our Spring 1959 issue.

Here in a dozen and a half chapters is the fascinating story of the plains buffaloes and the men who by the 1880's had hunted them to the verge of extinction. Chapters deal with the habits of the shaggy beasts, their importance to the Indians, the early traffic in buffalo robes, the hunting experiences of distinguished visitors, and the later commerce in buffalo bones, but the real story is that of the buffalo hunter engaged in the hide trade after 1871.

Toting their long rifles, the hide hunters ranged first through Kansas and Nebraska, then shifted southward into Texas, and ultimately, by the late 1870's, north into the upper valley of the Missouri River. In succession, Dodge City, Fort Griffin, and Miles City each enjoyed a brief day as centers out of which worked the rugged, grimy men whose booming "Big Fifties" built huge piles of hides and left putrid carcasses stretched for miles along rail lines. A few of the early hunters, like William F. Cody and W. F. (Bat) Masterson, became famous, usually for other reasons. More truly representative and certainly more important were men like the Mooar brothers, whose careers Gard examines in careful detail, or Charlie Rath, who once shot 107 buffaloes at a single stand and who was one of a few who eventually made the transition from hunter to hide buyer. Not only does the author present a fine, clear picture of the men, both as individuals and as a class, he also gives a first-rate description of the plains techniques of killing and skinning buffaloes and processing their hides.

While voices of protest condemned the mass extermination of the American bison, unsympathetic federal officials often viewed the work of the long guns as beneficial in hastening the end of the Indian way of life. Legislation enacted in a few states to restrict the slaughter proved ineffective. In the long run so also did the attempts of the Redskins to push back the encroaching hunters. One such effort, the attack on Adobe Walls (1874), is graphically narrated in detail, as is the almost ludicrous skirmish at Yellow House Draw of three years later.

Unfortunately, no map of any kind has been included, but the exhaustive bibliography is in keeping with the high standards otherwise set by both author and publisher. So are the handsome illustrations by artist Nick Eggenhofer and the seventeen contemporary drawings, paintings, and photographs that are reproduced.

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"THE OVERLAND DIARY OF JAMES A. PRITCHARD FROM KENTUCKY TO CALIFORNIA IN 1849", edited by Dale L. Morgan. (Old West Publishing Co., Denver, ill., \$15). "PRAIRIE SCHOONER LADY: THE JOURNAL OF HARRIET SHERRILL WARD, 1853," edited by Ward G. DeWitt and Florence S. DeWitt. (Westernlore Press, Los Angeles, ill., \$5.75). Reviewing both these new books is Merrill J. Mattes, distinguished regional historian for the National Park Service. Mr. Mattes last November received the Department of the Interior's Distinguished Service Award for consistently outstanding work in the field of history.

Captain Pritchard is an authentic American original, raised in the Kentucky bluegrass country. He fought the Mexicans in 1846, left his family to join the mad overland rush for the gold mines in 1849, returned broke in 1851, settled in Missouri, joined the Confederate Army, and died in 1862 in the Battle of Corinth. The journal of his California adventures has enjoyed the usual brilliant editing of Dale L. Morgan, front rank western scholar.

In the fresh prose of the Pritchard journal, with the usual quota of contemporary misspellings ("woolfs" and "seder" trees), the glorious adventure of "seeing the elephant" once more comes alive. The Pritchard party was one of the joyful early birds, getting well ahead of the Asiatic cholera

that killed off many late-comers, and revelling in springs that were pure and grass that was plentiful before the mob arrived.

Here is the whole catalog of wagon train incidents—organizational squabbles, fist-fights, knife-fights, buffalo and antelope hunts, quicksand, river crossings, skulking Indians and French squawmen. Here also is the unfolding pageantry of western geography—the “blue wall of the sky” and the mirages of the Platte River beyond Fort Kearny; the strangely carved landmarks of the North Platte this side of Fort Laramie; the overpowering emptiness of sagebrush plateaus approaching South Pass; the fire and brimstone hell of the Great Basin without benefit of paved roads or air-conditioned motels.

The Great Migration was a profound national experience. Every corner of the Union, drained of its most adventurous young men, had a stake in California gold, and the Pacific Coast was riveted to the Union. But the greatest impact was that upon the overland Argonauts themselves, numbering perhaps 30 thousand in 1849. They were by turns shocked, elated, benumbed, spun about in the vortex of history, and never again the same.

Bonus features of this book are a California Trail map made by J. G. Bruff, another Forty-Niner, and a huge chart correlating the 130-odd diarists with the date of their arrival at Fort Laramie and 50 trail landmarks, including Nebraska's Ash Hollow, Chimney Rock and Scotts Bluff.



Out of the whole batch of Forty-Niners, only two writers were of the opposite sex, reflecting the fact that the Gold Rush was largely a stag affair. Females continued in scarce supply during the 1850's, and that's why the Ward journal is a particularly welcome addition to overland literature.

Harriet Ward was 50 years old and a grandmother during the 1853 crossing from Wisconsin to Indian Valley in northern California — definitely not the romantic Hollywood type portrayed on the book jacket—but she was a keen observer. Grave markers, campsites, landmarks, per-

sonalities under the stress and strain of covered wagon travel are all recorded with feminine insight.

The DeWitts have provided pertinent genealogical data that is helpful in the way of editorial footnoting. Actually, they do not claim to be editors, but merely “presenters” of the journal, which is a new twist in the publishing business.

Both books belong in any library of Western Americana. The price tag on the Pritchard journal seems steep, but it is a magnificent work, limited to 1,250 copies, which will fast double in value.

### In Memoriam

Although a resident of Oregon, Richard L. Neuberger was an outstanding partisan and patron of the Historical Society of Montana. The first of several of his significant articles appeared in this magazine more than six years ago. His was one of the distinguished names which graced our Regional Editorial Board from the time of its origin in 1955 until this year.

He worked indefatigably with our committees to make the 1954 session of the Pacific Northwest History Conference, which our Society sponsored in Helena, one of the most memorable in the annals of that scholarly organization. As the widely-read regional correspondent of the *New York Times* for a decade and a half, he provided vast amounts of copy favorable to Montana and her heritage; and several of his books on the fur traders, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Lewis and Clark, and similar historical subjects will long endure as classics in our regional literature.

Even after his election as a United States Senator, he gave unstintingly of his counsel and time to help this magazine achieve world eminence. He was neither partisan nor biased in his approach to history which was closely attuned to our own editorial concept.

In his famous debate with Dr. Charles M. Gates of the University of Washington, published in our Winter 1955 issue, Mr. Neuberger said: “Let's make history as popular as we can . . . Theodore Roosevelt said that the task of the leader in politics was to think what the people think, but to think it first. I would say that the task of the writer in the realm of history is to decide what the public wants most to know about our history, but to write it first. If he does that . . . he has made a contribution to the sum total of human knowledge and wisdom.”

The untimely passing of Richard Neuberger is a profound loss to the Historical Society of Montana and this publication as well as to the region and nation.



## Notable Books on the Review Editor's Desk . . .

by ROBERT G. ATHEARN

An increasing number of books flowing from the publishers emphasize what might be called the "Illustrated West." There are several new ones well worth noting.

George Catlin, perhaps the most widely known illustrator of the American West, is the subject of two recent books. Harold McCracken, who put together *The Charles M. Russell Book* and others, is the author of *George Catlin and the Old Frontier* (New York: The Dial Press, 1959. \$18.50). Readers, in noting the price, may wonder if this is a typographical error, but the figure is correct. This is a large work beautifully executed and profusely illustrated with both black and white as well as full-page color plates. Nor is it merely a "picture book." Aside from the thirty-six color reproductions and 131 black and white illustrations, there is a full, well-written text. This publication is particularly suited to those interested in the Missouri River country and the northern high plains. Highly recommended.

A second Catlin book, entitled *George Catlin: Episodes from "Life Among the Indians" and "Last Rambles,"* is edited by Marvin C. Ross (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1959.) Its price is \$12.50. Ross is the author of *The West of Alfred Jacob Miller*, an Oklahoma University Press publication of 1951. This Catlin study does not duplicate the McCracken book. There are eight chapters about the artist's adventures among South American Indians and three dealing with the tribes of North America. The latter are concerned with the Indians of the Pacific Coast, of California, and the Flathead Indians. With the exception of the frontispiece the illustrations are in black and white. It makes an excellent mate to the McCracken book and will be popularly received by Catlin enthusiasts. The Ross book, it should be noted, is comprised of selections from Catlin writings: *Life Amongst the Indians: A Book for Youth* (1861) and *Last Rambles Amongst the Indians of the Rocky Mountains and of the Andes* (1866). To quote the editor: "We have here all of Catlin's published writing of any importance dealing with his last travels in the Americas."

A more complete coverage of the West, in point of time and area, is found in James D. Horan, *The Great American West: A Pictorial History from Coronado to the Last Frontier* (New York: Crown Publishers, Inc., 1959. \$10.00). Like the McCracken book, this one is large, 9" by 12" in dimension. It is filled with photographs and color reproductions—650 of them—representing such artists as Catlin, Bodmer, Remington, and Russell. As the author says, unpublished photographs of the West are getting to be a rarity, and in this respect his book makes a contribution. Included in it are photographs made by General John T. Pitman, a veteran of the Civil War, and by John K. Hillers who accompanied Major Powell on the 1872 survey. Pitman, who was stationed in the West after the Civil War, took a great



number of photographs, particularly in the Minnesota-Dakota country. The author lists nearly 600 that he has reproduced and catalogued.

Mr. Horan states in his introduction that he wanted to produce a full-scale, comprehensive picture-study of the West. From the standpoint of illustrations he has done very well. The author, Special Events Editor of *The New York Journal-American*, is an accomplished writer who has turned out a good deal of work, ranging from the Civil War and the American West to modern crime. To cover the history of the West in a panoramic literary sweep is a most difficult assignment. It requires a good deal of generalization, the major pitfall of which is criticism by a host of sharp-eyed Western American buffs whose knowledge of particular (and sometimes minute) fields often is quite complete. Some of them are going to charge Mr. Horan with oversimplification in this book. He will not be blamed if he answers: "Hairsplitting!"

One of the most beautifully illustrated works to come to hand for a long time is *The American Heritage Book of the Pioneer Spirit* (New York: Published by the American Heritage Publishing Company, distributed by Simon & Schuster, Inc., 1959. \$12.95). The chapter prologues are written by the eminent historian, Allan Nevins; editor in charge is Richard M. Ketchum; narrative is provided by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr., Peter Lyon and Francis Russell. The sweep is broad, covering American development from the days of Spanish, Dutch, French, and English colonizers through various phases of the westward movement and concluding with pioneering in science and the frontier of space. As is the case with the American Heritage volumes, issued every two months, heavy emphasis is laid upon illustrative material, much of it in color. The text is carefully drawn and well integrated with the illustrations. The book will have a very wide appeal in that it provides highly informative reading for the

general adult population and will be extremely useful for student members of the family. This one certainly is a "four star" item, most enthusiastically recommended to readers of all ages.

The next book on the Editor's Desk does not fall into the category of a "picture book," but it is well worth mentioning. During World War II Martin Schmitt discovered, in the Army War College Library, the long dormant and unpublished Autobiography of General George Crook whose name is well known to students of western history. In 1946 the University of Oklahoma Press published the work, carefully edited by Mr. Schmitt and with a very well written conclusion that completed the unfinished document.

The Autobiography was well received by readers and reviewers. R. N. Richardson praised it in the *American Historical Review* (October 1946) as did Fairfax Downey in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (June 8, 1946). Avery Craven and Freeman Cleaves — both historians — wrote favorable reviews of it. The late Lloyd Lewis, a Pulitzer Prize winning journalist, thought that Crook "was no great shakes as an intellectual" and said that the General "left no especially interesting comments on the strenuous scenes he saw." (*Book Week*, March 31, 1946). This column disagrees with that judgment. Not all of the post-war generals were towers of intellect, but they were literate, discerning men, and Crook is no exception. His comments add a good deal of documentation and support to attitudes expressed by his contemporaries who ranged the West in those exciting years of settlement and Indian fighting.

The first edition of 2500 copies soon sold out. Meantime, the type was melted down for other publishing — wartime restrictions and shortages not having been alleviated — and the book became a collector's item well before its time. In accordance with his desire to see such out-of-print works available to all, editor Savoie Lottin-

ville at the University of Oklahoma Press has, for the first time, re-issued one of his company's own books. It may be had for \$5.00 in a new and attractive edition.

Another recent and interesting item is Nelson A. Ault's *The Papers of Lucullus Virgil McWhorter*, published by the Friends of the Library, Washington State University at Pullman. His works, *Yellow Wolf* (1940) and *Hear Me, My Chiefs* (1952), the latter completed by Ruth Bordin after McWhorter's death, are generally known to those acquainted with Western American bibliography. Anyone interested in writing about the Northwest Indians now has at his disposal this complete and meticulously assembled calendar of the McWhorter papers and photographs as well as books and articles collected by the historian during his many active years. The paper bound volume is 144 pages long and sells for \$3.00. A copy may be obtained by writing to The Secretary, Friends of the Library, Washington State University, Pullman, Washington.

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"COMSTOCK MINING AND MINERS" by Eliot Lord, with introduction by David Myrick. (Reprint of 1883 edition. Howell-North Press, Berkeley, Calif., 1959. XVI, 451 pp., ill., maps, index. \$8.50). Our review is by Russell R. Elliott of the University of Nevada, Reno. Professor Elliott has written extensively on the history of Nevada mining and railroading.

Since its original publication in 1883 under the auspices of the United States Geological Survey, Lord's monograph has proven to be an indispensable source on the history of the Comstock Lode.

This reprint, by photo-offset reproduction, adds a new dimension to an already excellent work by including over a hundred superb illustrations which have been appropriately arranged in the text to supplement the descriptions presented by Lord.

The monograph and its author had rather unusual backgrounds. In March of 1879 Clarence King was appointed the 1st Di-

rector of the United States Geological Survey. Shortly thereafter, he scheduled a series of three monographs on western mining districts including the one on the Comstock Lode. The work was started in October, 1879, and completed in 1884 (although the title page is dated 1883) under the direction of Major Powell who had succeeded King as director.

Lord's training for this particular work, which was to emphasize the history and description of mining life rather than the more technical details of the geology and mining, was excellent. Graduating cum laude from Harvard in 1873, he spent the next three years as an assistant professor at the United States Naval Academy. In 1876 Harvard awarded him a Master of Arts Degree in the field of modern history and international law. Two years of newspaper work further prepared him for the task at hand.



It is generally agreed that he produced a scholarly and well-organized history of the miners and mining conditions on the Comstock Lode. His use of sources, which included private libraries, newspaper files, company reports, county records, and personal interviews, leaves little to be desired.

The most obvious weakness is the style which is often pompous and pedagogical. The author obviously finds much in the history of the Comstock Lode to verify his own background and prejudices, and delights in pointing these out in rather wordy moralizings. Perhaps his most consistent bias is that shown toward labor organizations. There is little doubt that his heroes are the mine owners and operators, the men of wealth, generally. These faults are minor when considered in light of the total value of this work.

The publishers and Mr. Myrick are to be congratulated, not only for making a scarce item less so, but for improving on the original.



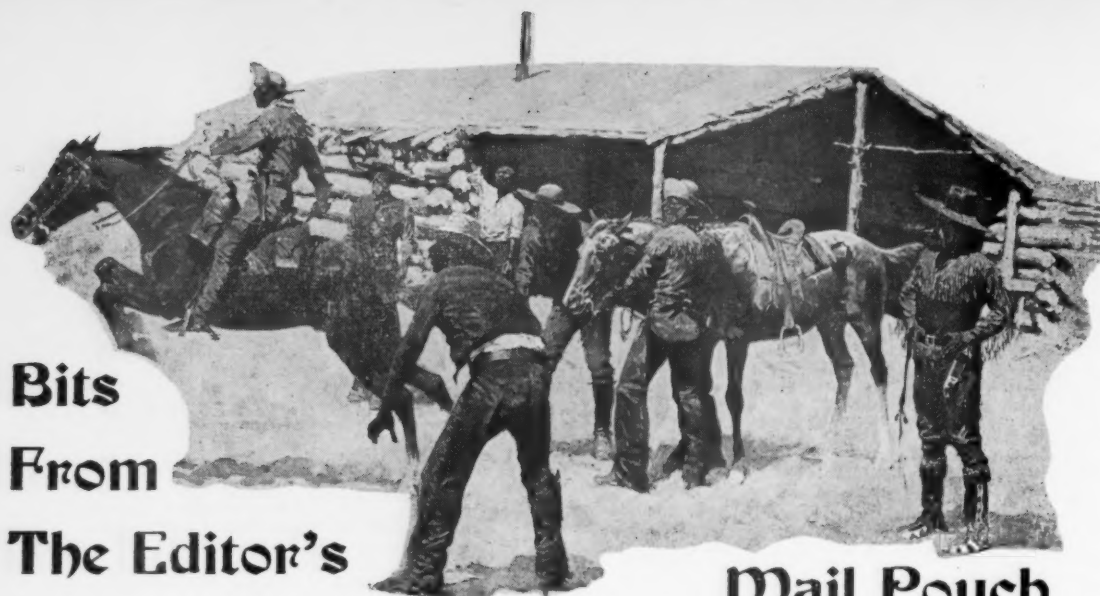
## RECENT BOOK ACQUISITIONS Historical Society Library

As a new service to our readers, we will publish, from time to time, a list of books and research material recently received and catalogued in the Historical Society Library. These are not for sale by the library, but in many cases are available at bookstores or from the sale department of the Society.

- Adams, Andy. *Why the Chisholm Trail Forks, and Other Tales of the Cattle Country*. Edited by Wilson M. Hudson. (U. of Texas Press, Austin, 1956). 296 pp., ill. \$4.50.
- Alexander, Edward Porter. *The Museum: A Living Book of History*. (Wayne U. Press, Detroit, 1959). 22 pp., biblio. \$1.00.
- Back, Joe. *Horses, Hitches and Rocky Trails*. (Sage Books, Denver, 1959). 117 pp. \$2.75.
- Barney, Libeus, 1829-1899. *Letters of the Pike's Peak Gold Rush*. (Talisman Press, San Jose, 1959). 97 pp., ill., port., map. \$6.50.
- Beaver, Herbert. *Reports and Letters, 1836-1838 of Herbert Beaver, Chaplain to the Hudson's Bay Company and Missionary to the Indians at Fort Vancouver*. Edited by Thomas E. Jessett. (Cham-poe Press, Portland, 1959). 97 pp., ill., port., map. \$6.50.
- Boesch, Mark J. *John Colter, Man Who Found Yellowstone*. (Putnam, N. Y., 1959). 189 pp. \$3.00.
- Brale, Berton. *The Sheriff of Silver Bow*. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, 1921). 338 pp. (out of print).
- Brisbin, Gen. James S. *The Beef Bonanza: How to Get Rich on the Plains*. (U. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1959). 225 pp., ill. \$2.00.
- Carhart, Arthur Hawthorne. *The National Forests*. (Knopf, N. Y., 1959). 289 pp., ill. \$4.75.
- Catlin, George, 1796-1872. *Episodes From Life Among the Indians and Last Rambles*. Edited by Marvin C. Ross. (U. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1959). 357 pp., 152 plates. \$12.00.
- Christie, Caroline. *Silver Heels: A Story of Black-foot Indians at Glacier National Park*. Ill. by George Wilde. (Winston, Philadelphia, 1958). 150 pp. \$2.95 (juvenile).
- Clark, Joseph Stanley. *The Oil Century*. (U. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1958). 270 pp., ill. \$3.95.
- Colton, Ray Charles. *The Civil War in the Western Territories: Arizona, New Mexico, Utah*. (U. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1959). 230 pp., ill., ports., maps, biblio. \$5.00.
- Floyd, William Harris. *Phantom Riders of the Pony Express*. (Dorance, Philadelphia, 1959). 142 pp., ill. \$2.50.
- Fox, Norman A. *Reckoning at Rimbow*. (Dodd, Mead, N. Y., 1959). 212 pp. \$2.75.
- Gillfillan, Archer Butler. *Sheep: Life on the South Dakota Range*. Foreward by J. Frank Dobie, ill. by Kurt Wiese. (U. of Minn. Press, Minneapolis, 1957). 272 pp. \$4.00.
- Goetzman, William H. *Army Exploration in the American West*. (Yale U. Press, New Haven, 1959). 486 pp. \$6.50.
- Horan, James David. *The Great American West: A Pictorial History From Coronado to the Last Frontier*. (Crown, N. Y., 1959). 288 pp. \$8.50.
- Howard, Joseph Kinsey. *Montana: High, Wide and Handsome*. New ed., preface by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. (Yale U. Press, New Haven, 1959). 347 pp. \$5.00.
- Hultkrantz, Ake. *The North American Indian Orpheus Tradition: A Contribution to Comparative Religion*. (Stockholm, 1957). 339 pp. \$8.14.
- Huntington, Bill. *Both Feet in the Stirrups*. (Western Livestock Reporter, 1959). 408 pp. \$5.00.
- Jackson, William Henry. *The Diaries of William Henry Jackson, Frontier Photographer: To California and Return, 1866-67*. (A. H. Clark, Glendale, 1959). 345 pp. \$9.50.
- Johnson, Annabel and Edgar. *The Black Symbol*. (Harpers, N. Y., 1959). 207 pp. \$2.75. (juvenile).
- Kelly, Charles. *The Outlaw Trail: A History of Butch Cassidy and His Wild Bunch*. Revised, enlarged ed. (Devin-Adair Co., N. Y., 1959). 347 pp., ill. \$6.00.
- Kendall, George Wilkins. *Letters From a Texas Sheep Ranch*. Edited by Harry James Brown. (U. of Ill. Press, Urbana, 1959). 156 pp. \$3.50.
- Leonard, Zenas. *Adventures of Zenas Leonard, Fur Trader*. Edited by John C. Ewers. (U. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1959). 172 pp. \$4.00.
- Lott, Milton. *Dance The Buffalo*. (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1959). 406 pp. \$4.50.
- McCracken, Harold. *George Catlin and the Old Frontier*. (Dial Press, N. Y., 1959). 216 pp. \$16.00.
- Masterson, Jim. *It Happened in Montana*. Vol. IV. (Miles City, 1959). \$3.00.
- Michigan, University of. *Guide to the Manuscript Collections in the Library*. Compiled by William S. Ewing. (The Library, Ann Arbor, 1953). 548 pp. \$4.00.
- Miller, Helen Markley. *Thunder Rolling: The Story of Chief Joseph*. Ill. by Albert Orbaan. (Putnam, N. Y., 1959). 190 pp. \$3.00.
- Monaghan, James. *Custer: The Life of General George Armstrong Custer*. (Little, Brown, Boston, 1959). 469 pp., ill. \$6.00.
- O'Connor, Richard. *Wild Bill Hickok*. (Doubleday, N. Y., 1959). 282 pp. \$3.95.
- Perkins, Simeon. *The Diary of Simeon Perkins*. (Champlain Society, Toronto, 1948). (By membership in Champlain Soc.).
- Preston, Richard A. *Kingston Before the War of 1812*. (Champlain Society, Toronto, 1959). 428 pp. (By membership in Champlain Soc.).
- Rich, Edwin Ernest. *The History of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1670-1870*. Foreward by Winston Churchill. (Hudson's Bay Record Society, London, 1958). (By membership in Hudson's Bay Record Soc.).
- Robertson, Frank C. *A Ram in the Thicket*. (Hastings House, N. Y., 1959). 311 pp. \$4.95.
- Shera, Jesse Hawk. *Historians, Books and Libraries: A Survey of Historical Scholarship in Relation to Library Resources*. (Press of Western Reserve U., Cleveland, 1953). 126 pp. \$3.50.
- Sorden, Leland George. *Logger's Words of Yesteryears*. Isabel J. Ebert, co-author. (Pub. by author, Madison, Wis., 1956). 44 pp., ill. 50c.
- Stork, Byron Claude. *Rawhide and Haywire*. (William-Frederick Press, N. Y., 1959). 146 pp., ill. \$4.25.
- U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. *Water Resources Development, Columbia River Basin*. (U. S. Army Eng. Div., 1958). 5 volumes.



# Bits From The Editor's



## Mail Pouch

### "THE WHITE INDIAN"

"I want you to share in my happiness. Since my 'White Indian' came out [Winter, 1960] I have received phone calls and letters from Montana to Southern California with such thrilling compliments as 'I feel I know you and that you have told me a delightful story of Charles Russell' and 'My sister and I could not put your fascinating story down until we came to the last word.' People I have never heard of have sent messages. I received one letter from an old man at Wolf Creek in which he said 'I can't add anything to your fine story of old Charlie. But I can tell you something about myself and Charlie getting drunk at Sid's place and shooting the lock off the meat packing company's gate at Great Falls.' . . ."

Jessie Lincoln Mitchell  
Fountain Gardens, Apt. 204  
2229 N. Street  
Sacramento, Calif.

"The story on Russell, by Mrs. Mitchell, is one of the best I have read about the famous pioneer artist. It is warm, not effusive or idolatrous like some in the past; in short, sensitive and well marshalled. I believe, too, that mechanically and typographically the last issue [Winter, 1960] is the best ever."

Dan Whetstone, Publisher  
"Pioneer Press"  
Cut Bank, Montana

### STEAMBOATS

"It is not often that one finds articles connecting the histories of two great states—Montana and Wisconsin—and I shall treasure this magazine [Winter, 1960] . . ."

Rolf S. Rynning, President  
La Crosse Co. (Wis.)  
Historical Society

"What a handsome magazine is *Montana*! And your article ['Steamboats in the Idaho Gold Rush', Winter, 1960] was most interesting, a gold mine of information and wonderful illustrations . . . My interest in steamboats started with my acquaintance with an old Missouri River pilot, who went to Fort Benton in 1866 as a cub pilot on the *W. J. Lewis*. His stories were fascinating and he, himself, was a character out of a story book. I have his original pilot license . . ."

Ruth Ferris, Asst. Curator  
Mississippi River Collection  
Missouri Historical Society

"The magazine is dandy and your steamboat article most informative. I enjoyed every word of it. I sit here and look at the Missouri River and think of all that transpired on that great river. Now all we can do is to try to keep the memory alive."

"I have records and parts of so many of those old boats. I have the sugar bowl from the steamer *Rosebud*. The last 'mountain' steamboat was the *Josephine*. I have a part from her. Also a part from the old *E. H. Durfee*. For several years she ran a packet trade—round trip—Pittsburgh to Fort Benton . . ."

Dr. E. B. Trail  
Berger, Missouri  
Compiler of Missouri River  
Steamboat History

The three letters above were received by John E. Parsons of New York City, whose article on Missouri and Yellowstone steamboats of the 1860's appeared in our Winter 1960 issue.

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### COWBOY LINGO

"Enclosed find check for one year's subscription to your most interesting magazine which I have just now discovered. I put the cover in a frame . . . [with] other Russell prints, the first of which my Dad got in 1902, saying 'Now there is a man who knows what he is talking about.' He rode range for the Triangle Bar, out of Miles City, late in the last century; also around Phoenix, Ariz., and in agreement with page 57 in your [Autumn, 1959] issue, he was a 'cowpuncher'."

"In Oregon in 1907 I was 200 miles from a railroad at the ZX Ranch, near Silver Lake, and the riders were called 'punchers' there also, but we made a distinction in that country, as a 'buckeroo' was a man who mostly caught wild horses, or gentled horses so caught for sale or broke them for a ranch owner, professionally. The fact that I caught a few range horses which I broke to ride for myself in the DesChutes country did not make me a 'buckeroo' at that locality, and period of time."

"I do take some exception to the remarks on page 56 that very few Spanish terms were used by the English speaking riders. We had 'latigos', 'cinchos' (contracted to cinches), 'cantinas' and 'tapideros' (or 'taps' on our saddles), 'lariets' or 'reatas' tied on (later called 'lass ropes') and a 'romal' on our reins. We wore 'sombros' or 'chaperros' or 'chaps', put 'apperajos' on our pack mules, or if we used the wooden pack-saddles, collected or cargoed small parts of the pack in 'alforcases', and covered over the packs with 'mantas' of canvas."



"I realize my spelling may not be true Spanish, but the words were all derived from the Spanish. The 'horse wrangler' brought in the 'caviet' or group of saddle cayuses in the morning. Grangeville, Idaho had a 'roundup' show on July 4, 1902, but it was not called a rodeo nor was the accent of that word on the first syllable then—it was pronounced ro-day-o some years back.

Max R. Crosby  
715 Madison St.  
Red Bluff, Calif.

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"Reading the letters received from your clientele is one of the exceptional features of the magazine. Each one of them—in one way or another—intrigues the reader and makes him want more of the same. Perusing the Christmas edition tonight gave me just the inspiration I needed—to write in and ask for the down-to-earth answer to this question: Where did the expression 'my hat's in the ring' originate?"

"My own belief has always been that it referred to a cowpoke who threw his hat into the corral after one of his brethren had been dumped by a bucking mustang. In other words it meant, 'If you can't ride him, I can.'

"Writing my life memoirs some years ago, I had occasion to quote Teddy Roosevelt in this respect. It goes back to the year 1912 when he was denied his party's nomination for President at Chicago. Teddy and his supporters left the convention auditorium in a huff and adjourned to another hall where a decision was reached to put a third ticket in the field—the 'Progressive Party'—with T. R. as the presidential nominee.

"The next morning Teddy was interviewed by a Chicago reporter who asked, 'How do you feel, Mr. Roosevelt?' to which the former Badlands cowboy replied, 'I feel like a bull moose', then added, 'my hat's in the ring.' (He also said he felt 'bully', thus adding a bit of colloquialism to our language).

"But I must not stray from the point of my letter: just tell me if 'my hat's in the ring' is of cowboy origin. If you will print this in your next edition I feel certain that some old-time cowhand will read it and come up with the answer in your July issue.

"Your magazine is so outstanding that I feel ashamed of myself for appropriating so much space. Thanks!"

P. E. Burke  
1927 Harvard  
North Las Vegas, Nev.

Pat Burke had a long and distinguished career in journalism, much of it in Montana, before his retirement in 1948. He came to Scobey in 1913, bought the "Scobey Sentinel" and became the town's first postmaster. He left the state in 1920, working on newspapers in Oregon, Idaho and Washington. He returned to Montana in 1928 spending the next 12 years on Butte daily papers. He was news editor of the "Great Falls Leader" for a year when he went to the San Francisco "Examiner" in 1943. Burke was campaign manager for T. J. Walsh for the Presidential Preference Primary in 1928 before the Montana Senator withdrew from the race a few days before election in favor of Alfred E. Smith.

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## TOO MUCH RUSSELL?

"Risking acute unpopularity, I'd like to say I think the magazine has been making too much of . . . Charlie Russell. I like Charlie Russell fine, but . . . He wasn't God . . . I know little about Western artists, but would hazard a guess that some of Frederick Remington's and Will James' pictures . . . would compare pretty well with some of Russell's work. It seems to me a lot of people have gotten into a kind of adolescent hero worship over Charlie that's out of place . . . I don't think it adds to the dignity of Montana in the eyes of the rest of the country to keep carrying on this way.

"Certainly we should be proud of the State's fine collection of Russell art, and of the fact he was born here. [*He was born in St. Louis. Ed.*] I'm for a little less blowing of our horn about it, though . . . Even the best horse can be ridden into the ground."

Margot Liberty  
Birney, Montana

When we departed from C. M. Russell art on our 1939 Summer cover, the protests came in great herds. We welcome constructive opinions from our readers. What's your opinion on Russell?

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## WHITESIDE JOURNALS

"The winter edition of the Montana Magazine has just arrived. On behalf of my family including my sister, Mrs. Haze McCutcheon, I want to thank you for the excellent way in which you handled the two articles from the unpublished Journals of my father, Fred Whiteside. [Autumn, 1959, and Winter, 1960.]

"You and your staff are to be congratulated on the research of this phase of early Montana history and politics. Dorothy M. Johnson is to be congratulated on the splendid job she did in editing the material available.

"Our Montana heritage is something that we will always cherish. Your magazine is playing an important part in sharing this heritage with all who love Montana and its history."

Eunice Whiteside Reasoner  
Star Route, Box 29  
Littleton, Colorado

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## MISCELLANEOUS COMMENTS

"Mrs. George Dorrance of Musselshell, Mont., who takes great interest in Montana history, subscribed for your magazine for me. I've found it very good reading . . . Our father came to the State in 1867 and lived there all his life. He was 16 at the time. Us boys have lived there all our lives (except myself—we left Montana in 1933) and are well acquainted with the unfolding of history in the great Treasure State. I've just finished writing a history of our father . . ."

C. B. Evans  
9920 E. 10th  
Spokane, Wash.

The life of Charlie Evans is told in "Another Montana Pioneer" available about May 1 this year at \$2.08. Orders may be sent to Mr. Evans at the above address.

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"For several years I have been thoroughly enjoying your publication. Born at the old St. Ignatius Mission in the Flathead Valley, educated at Montana State University with a B.A. and M.A. in history, and now teaching history at Chaffey College here in California, your excellent publication interests me not only as a native of Montana but also as a student of history."

Donald F. Bartell  
740 W. Granada Court  
Ontario, Calif.

\* \* \*

"Just received (and read) my first copy. It is informative and delightful reading.

"The effort you put forth for complete authenticity, the accompanying photographs with each article, combine for an outstanding literary achievement. My hat is off to the Historical Society and the staff of this publication for the enlightenment your magazine will bring for many future years.

"Enclosed you will find check for the 1957 bound volume of MONTANA . . ."

Roy E. Smith  
Mercer Island, Wash.

## WYOMING REMEMBERED

"Chuck Bordensen of Wibaux introduced to me your lovely magazine and your tales of the early days around Cheyenne, Wyoming (Winter 1960 issue). The picture of Jim Shaw [page 21] is my father. The picture of the round up wagon on page 69 is the Duck Bar wagon working the Goshen Hole in 1883. Tom Shaw, my uncle and Jim's brother, sits to the left of the right hand wheel. [He] was wagon boss.

"There are few of us left today who followed a chuck wagon that cooked on an open fire in front of the chuck box. No stove, no tent—if it rained your bed was generally wet till the sun came out again.

"There are two of us descendants of 'Old Jim' living in Montana. Bobbie Gray of Ismay, owner of the old Shoemaker ranch, is a son of a daughter, Patti Gray, who still owns and lives in the original house built by Billy Irvine around 1879. Irvine is pictured 5th from the right on page 15, and mentioned in one of Trimble's letters as the Irvine place, on the Platte near Orin, Wyo.

"I, Paul Shaw, a son, live at Hodges, and have a much better cattle ranch than my father ever had. Two of his buddies, John B. Kendrick, at one time U. S. Senator, and John McCuiston of Forsyth, pulled out of that country and built beautiful cow outfits in Montana.

"Out of the four boys born to him [Jim Shaw] I happen to be the only one to carry the name on. I have two boys and a girl. The boys' names are Jim and Tom, and to find both these names in 'Montana' is certainly a thrill."

Paul M. Shaw  
Hodges, Montana



"My friend Paul Shaw, of Hodges, Montana, sent me a copy of the winter issue of MONTANA. I prize his marginal notes along with Gene Gressley's 'Harvard Man Out West.'

"Mr. Shaw, son of Jim Shaw, our beloved Wyoming cattleman whose picture appears on page 21, made some pertinent observations, two of which I'll pass on to you. The picture of the interior of the Cheyenne Club (page 18) prompted him to write: 'Dad used to tell us about Moose Hinze telling them at the Cheyenne Club when they were talking about buying those chandeliers. I don't mind the \$1,100, but who the hell will we get to play it? . . .'

"Mr. Gressley might have added that the Teschemacher-deBillier Company (better known as The Duck Bar) records gathered dust in the attic of the log house (Duck Bar headquarters) at Uva until a few years ago, when they were discovered by the present owner, who turned them over to the University of Wyoming Archives.

"The Trimble letters, neatly scribed, are among the most interesting recent acquisitions at the university. I hope some day to find time to read all of them in the original.

"In closing, I would like also express my appreciation of Mr. Richardson's 'The Forgotten Haycutters of Fort C. F. Smith,' in your July issue. If more of us had his drive, we would have fewer cases of hardening of the arteries and more history recorded for future generations. Hats off to your thoroughly interesting magazine."

Virginia Cole Trenholm  
Glendo, Wyoming

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## MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY ELEVENTH ANNUAL

### *Writers' Conference*

MAY 25-28, 1960

**For anyone who writes in the West or about the West, this 4-day series of workshops, lectures, and criticisms is a regional tradition that has attracted serious students from throughout the Northwest. The staff this year will include:**

Tall tale teller *JAMES F. STEVENS* of Seattle, whose collections of the tales of Paul Bunyan have made him nationally famous.

Novelist *NAOMI LANE BABSON*, author of the prize-winning *Yankee Bodleys*; *I Am Lidian*, story of a pioneer woman in Montana; *The Young Fair Maidens*, and others.

Juvenile and non-fiction writer *DALE WHITE*, winner of the 1958 Western Writers of America Silver Spur for the best western juvenile, *Steamboat Up The Missouri*.

Historical novelist and humorist *DAN CUSHMAN* whose *Stay Away, Joe* was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection in 1953, and who has written several novels dealing with early-day Montana, including *The Old Copper Collar* and *The Silver Mountain*.

Poet and editor *NELSON BENTLEY* of Seattle, co-editor of *Poetry Northwest*, director of the poetry workshop at the University of Washington, whose poems have appeared in many publications.

Critic-poet, short story writer *LESLIE FIEDLER* of the University faculty. Internationally known for his critical writing as well as his poems and short stories, Dr. Fiedler is the author of *End To Innocence*, among others.

**Room and board are available on the University campus. For information on rates, fees for the conference, and registration material, write to:**

**JOHN BARSNESS, Director  
1960 Writers' Conference  
Montana State University  
Missoula, Montana**

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## *Are You A Collector of Western Americana?*

Do you know that the government will pay for part of your collection expense under certain conditions?

Assume that Mr. Adams, age 55 and in the 50% tax bracket, is an avid art collector. Assume he purchases a painting for \$4,000. By giving a museum present title by a properly drawn deed, but by reserving lifetime possession, Adams can enjoy the painting at home during his life and get a deduction for a charitable contribution at the same time.

Amount of deduction? The present value of what the museum will receive. Using Table I of the Gift Tax Regulations (page 55) the deduction would be \$1,921.20.

Result: The after-tax cost of the painting is now reduced to about \$3,000. (Since he's in the 50% bracket, the deduction is worth about \$1,000 to him.) Thus, \$4,000 minus \$1,000 equals \$3,000.

—Quoted from the Prentis-Hall Tax Ideas.

You can help yourself now by helping the Historical Society of Montana develop on a long-range basis its priceless art, museum and library collections.

## *Worth Thinking About!*



from the original C. M. Russell oil, MONTANA'S MAJESTY, owned by Richard Flood, Idaho Falls, Idaho

**S**PEAKING OF the pristine appeal of The Treasure State's vast wilderness and majestic mountain areas, Charlie Russell must have had this typical scene in mind when he wrote: "... when it comes to making the beautiful, Ma Nature has man beat all ways from the ace—and that Old Lady still owns a lot of Montana!" Nowhere in the world may one vacation amidst more inspiring scenic splendor, with such hospitable neighbors as those who bring this message to you . . .

Reber Plumbing & Heating Company (Helena and Great Falls), Montana Bank (Great Falls), Great Falls Poster, McKee Printing Company (Butte), Great Falls Breweries, Inc., Frontier Town (at MacDonald Pass near Helena), Foote Outdoor, Inc. (Billings), Treasure State Life Insurance Company, Northern Pacific Railway Company, Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, The Anaconda Company, The Montana Power Company.



